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THE TATLER

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and **BYSTANDER**

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Lenore

Working for Prisoners of War: Lady Cromwell

Lady Cromwell, herself the wife of a prisoner of war, is working at Northampton, packing parcels for prisoners. Formerly Miss Freda Cripps, only daughter of Major Sir Frederick Beresford Cripps and Lady Cripps, of Ampney Park, Cirencester, she married in 1925 the fifth Baron Cromwell, of Misterton Hall, Rugby, the first holder of the title since 1497, in whose favour it was called out of abeyance in 1923. Lord Cromwell, who is a major in the King's Royal Rifles, was wounded and taken prisoner during the gallant defence of Calais last year. During the last war he served in France and Salonika, and won the M.C. in Macedonia. The Cromwells have a son and a daughter



Way of the War

By "Foresight"

Japan's Army Politicians

THE change of Government in Japan has one most significant aspect. For some years now Army politicians have been forcing the pace. They've had a lot of power without much responsibility. By the appointment of Lieutenant-General Hideki Togo as Prime Minister, the militarists have to shoulder full political responsibility for the conduct of affairs. We shall now see whether the Army men are ready to plunge Japan into a second war before she has succeeded in clearing up the China "incident."

I imagine Prime Minister Togo hasn't got his nickname "Razor" for nothing. He is supposed to be a keen, but moderate-minded soldier. For this reason there are some people who believe that he will move cautiously towards compromise with the Powers in the Pacific. Therefore, there may be more than meets the eye in his appointment at this time.

Japan's elder statesmen are worried about the continuance of the war in China. They see a constant drain on the national resources, but no clear-cut military decision. If a climb-down is necessary, who is better qualified to seek it than the Army leaders?

Mood of Americans

NO sooner had Lieutenant-General Togo assumed office than the Japanese Ambassador in Washington was on his way to the State Department to seek an assurance that

the negotiations with the United States Government for a settlement of problems in the Pacific would be continued. It may be true that President Roosevelt has been going slow with the negotiations because the Kono Cabinet was not considered sufficiently stable. If this be so, there is another explanation of the change of Government in Japan. But the Japanese idea of compromise, so far as is known, appears to be something much more than even Hitler had the audacity to demand at Munich.

Nevertheless, President Roosevelt and some State Department officials, notably the immaculate Mr. Sumner Welles, believe that a basis for negotiating with Japan can be found. Shades of Neville Chamberlain! Hard-headed Mr. Cordell Hull is said to have none of these illusions. He thinks that Japan is just playing for time, and that she will have to be put in her place sooner or later. Most Americans think the same.

Orient Face Saving

JAPANESE politicians have profound respect for "face." If there is no face-saving in President Roosevelt's policy I don't see how even Lieutenant-General Togo's sharp mind can contemplate climbing down. In these circumstances there's bound to be a clash in the Pacific. The Japanese are inordinately proud of their fleet. They think that its efficiency is a match for any other, and that



George Cross Winner

Lieutenant B. S. Trevellyn Archer, R.E., went to a recent Buckingham Palace investiture to receive his George Cross from the King. His decoration was awarded "in recognition of most conspicuous gallantry in carrying out hazardous work in a very brave manner"

the Western Democracies are afraid to try conclusions with it. Hitler's agents are flattering the Japanese about their naval power, and urging them on. Japanese troops are looking towards Siberia, and may march if the Russians show signs of collapse.

But once before the Japanese were caught because they were not cautious. After Dunkirk they imagined that Britain's days were numbered, and they hurried to join the Axis. Had Japan retained her neutrality then she would have been in a stronger bargaining position with the United States and Britain today.

Echo of the Past

By coincidence it is reported that Mr. Henry L. Stimson, that aristocratic Republican who serves under President Roosevelt, is shortly to visit London. He will come as America's Secretary for War. On his last visit to this country, when he combined business and pleasure, he was Secretary of State in the Hoover Administration. Lord (then Sir John) Simon was Foreign Secretary. The Japanese were making plans to seize Manchuria. Mr. Stimson went to stay in the north of Scotland, and the late Mr. Ramsay MacDonald happened to be holidaying at Lossiemouth. They met and talked.

The decline of the League of Nations is dated by some to the failure of Britain to make the machinery work in a way which would have caused Japan to desist. American commentators are convinced that Britain ran out. In this country it was thought that America was not ready to support any action. But among ardent supporters of the League of Nations all the blame for inaction went to Lord Simon; and it has remained with him.

Mr. Stimson is now seventy-four, and full of energy. He has been one of President Roosevelt's most outspoken anti-Nazi ministers. He will discuss methods of closer collaboration with members of our War Cabinet.

Travellers

CAPTAIN HAROLD BALFOUR, Under-Secretary of State for Air, is qualifying for the title of our most travelled minister. His record now equals, if it does not surpass, that of Mr. Anthony Eden. Captain Balfour has just



King Haakon Visits Dartmouth

The King of Norway, accompanied by the Crown Prince Olaf and members of his staff, recently paid a visit to the Royal Naval College, Dartmouth. In the picture are, sitting: H.R.H. the Crown Prince of Norway, Nicolette Cunliffe, Mrs. Cunliffe, Barbara Cunliffe, H.M. King Haakon of Norway; standing: Miss Cooper, Commodore Corneliussen, R.N.N., Lieut.-Commander Smith R.N.V.R., Colonel Nordlie, A.D.C., Captain Cunliffe, R.N.



Greek Princess and Army Author at a Luncheon

Princess Aspasia of Greece sat next Major Eric Linklater, R.E., at a recent A.T.S. recruiting luncheon at Simpson's, Piccadilly. He is the compiler of an account of the defence of Calais just published, and also of "The Northern Garrisons" in the War Office—Ministry of Information series, "The Army at War." He published his own autobiography, "The Man On My Back," some months ago.



Three Prisoners of War at Oflag VII.D.

Lieutenant Mitford, Seaforth Highlanders, Lieut.-Colonel E. H. Whitfeld, M.C., Oxfordshire and Buckinghamshire Light Infantry, and Captain Lord Arundel of Wardour, Wiltshire Regiment, are prisoners of war in Germany. Lieut.-Colonel Whitfeld, who is second-in-command of the camp, runs the parcels office with the assistance of the other two.

made his fourth flight across the Atlantic since the war started.

This follows his combined sea and air journey to Russia for the Moscow Supplies Conference. At this conference Captain Balfour made quite an impression on Stalin, who showed that he admired his energy, as well as his flying record in the last war.

In the United States Captain Balfour is joining with Mr. Averell Harriman in the Aid-for-Russia discussions.

Tall, dark and handsome Supply Expediter Harriman is a man of resource and experience in industry. It was not his first visit to Russia and the transformation has surprised him. He has told President Roosevelt that he has every confidence in Russia's ability to resist Hitler.

Mr. Vernon Bartlett, who is an experienced student of tormented Europe, has returned from Moscow with the same impression.

Unhappy Newspapermen

ALTHOUGH Stalin is a student of psychology and equal to Hitler in his knowledge of the arts of propaganda, he will not relax the censorship on news. Mr. Bartlett went to Moscow as a B.B.C. commentator, but he found working conditions so difficult that he asked for his recall.

Mr. Alexander Worth, who was in Paris for the *Manchester Guardian* for several years, went to Moscow for Reuters and the *Sunday Times* soon after Hitler launched his attack. In spite of official backing, Mr. Worth has also found it impossible to fulfil his mission and is on his way home.

Apparently the Russians prefer to distribute their own news in their own way. As Mr. Bartlett has said, there is no sentimentality in his demand that Britain should give Russia military aid.

Timely Dispatches

PUBLICATION of Lord Gort's dispatches describing the Battle of France was well timed. Their publication had been constantly advocated privately and publicly for some months. But the Government chose a moment when the public might best learn a valuable lesson from them. The dispatches support the assertions of the Government that there

can be no useful purpose served in attempting an invasion of the Continent without large and adequately prepared forces. Without a strong force neither our cause nor Russia's would be served. We would stand to lose valuable lives and much-needed equipment, while Hitler would not be deflected from his purpose in Russia.

There are indications that the wave of hysteria which swept the country a fortnight ago is dying down. The attitude of the Government is winning support from several unsuspected quarters, including the rank and file of the Labour Party. Only the extremists continue their ranting.

Kilted Russian Expert

IN his successful Conservative by-election campaign for Lancaster, Second-Lieutenant Fitzroy Hew Royle Maclean was several times heckled. He was asked what he, a diplomat with a good taste in clothes, knew about poor people. He could not answer that question himself, but a speaker on his behalf did. He surprised several audiences by telling them that the immaculate candidate had lived for weeks at a time with the poorest of Siberian peasants. Lieutenant Maclean was an attaché in the British Embassy at Moscow. Instead of remaining in the capital, he travelled all over the country whenever the opportunity occurred. In this way he gained a first-hand experience of conditions which is equalled by few, if any other, Britons.

On returning to London he served in the Northern Department of the Foreign Office, which handles matters dealing with Russia. On the outbreak of war he asked to be released to join the Army, but the authorities wished him to remain in the Diplomatic Service. Eventually Lieutenant Maclean insisted on being released, and immediately joined his father's old regiment, the Cameron Highlanders, as a private. On being introduced to the House of Commons he was a striking figure in his Cameron tartan kilt.

King's Popular Cousin

BEFORE the war, Lord Louis Mountbatten spent his periods of summer leave from the Navy on the polo field. He was a most fear-

less, dashing player who always provided thrills at Ranelagh and Hurlingham. With the outbreak of war he threw up the desk job he then had at the Admiralty and went to sea. In the operations off Norway, in the English Channel and off Crete he showed the same fearless dash. He was awarded the D.S.O., after showing superb seamanship and courage in bringing back the badly damaged destroyer H.M.S. Javelin to port under constant aerial bombardment.

But the best story told of him concerns the operations off Crete. He was assisting in the evacuation in command of the destroyer H.M.S. Kelly when she got a direct hit from a bomb. She was going at full speed, and within seventy seconds had disappeared beneath the water. Lord Louis Mountbatten was rescued, and when picked up by another ship he crawled round the decks seeking out members of his crew who had been severely wounded and taking their last messages.

Now Lord Louis is on the other side of the Atlantic, having assumed command of the aircraft carrier H.M.S. *Illustrious* which is not likely to be his last promotion.

A Glorious Record

AT one time Sir Hugh Dowding was tipped as a future Chief of the Air Staff, and now that he has been placed on the retired list at the age of sixty it is expected that his glorious record and administrative experience will be used in some important capacity outside the Service. In the Air Force he is known as "Stuffy" Dowding, and also for the fact that he did not sleep more than a few hours every night for twelve months after the war started. At any moment the Germans were expected to launch a large-scale air attack on this country.

As Chief of the Fighter Command since 1930 Sir Hugh had gradually built the organisation which eventually won for us the greatest air battle of all times, the Battle of Britain. On relinquishing the Fighter Command, Air Chief Marshal Dowding went to the United States and Canada on a special mission for Lord Beaverbrook, who was then Minister of Aircraft Production. Sir Hugh and Lord Beaverbrook have long been close friends.

Myself at the Pictures

By James Agate

Nora's Grand-daughter

WE have been hearing a great deal lately about the advance in cinema-technique and how adult it is. How Mr. Orson Welles's manipulation of the camera is to be compared with Victor Hugo's shifting of the place of the *césura*. I am afraid that all this is a great deal too highbrow for me. I am afraid I cannot be bothered with the psychological significance of poking the camera up the hero's trouser leg and photographing his sock-suspender. The fact that in the new film called *Skylark* (Plaza) everybody had been photographed upside down would not have obscured for me the more important point that the story it had to tell was definitely pre-Ibsen and non-adult.

A *Doll's House* came and went, and earnest people said of it that it had altered the face of drama for ever. Which only proves how little the earnest know about human nature. The truth, whether the serious-minded like it or not, is that *l'homme moyen sensuel*, meaning the average film-goer, will always hold not Ibsen's view, but the view of Ibsen's chief male character in this play as to what constitutes desirability in woman. To the average film- and theatre-goer it is as though Ibsen's play had never been written. They find Coward's women to be nearer life.

I invite my readers to agree with me that Torvald Helmer is a much-maligned person. You remember the play's main situation. Nora Helmer, in order to send her ailing husband to a curative spa, has forged her father's signature to a bond. The forgery

looks like being discovered, and Nora gets into a terrific state, made up equally of exaltation and despair. Exaltation because now the "miracle" is going to happen, meaning that Torvald will come forward to take her guilt upon his own manly shoulders. Despair because, to prevent this, she must drown herself and so lose husband and children.

But the miracle, as Damon Runyon might say, by no means happens. Torvald calls Nora a blithering little idiot and asks how the devil she expects him to hold up his head as bank-manager when it becomes known that his wife is in the habit of borrowing money from her husband's employees on the strength of forged signatures?

WHAT follows deserves a paragraph to itself. How Nora says, in effect, that if she is the fool Torvald thinks her she is obviously unfit to bring more little fools into the world and had better clear out before she becomes responsible for any more. How she slams the front door, and one is left wondering what one would feel in Helmer's position. Delight at being rid of an imbecile? Or consternation at being left with the brats?

THE young will have difficulty in realising the excitement created in 1889 by the production of this play, which at once became the charter of the Women's-Rightists and the Pankhurst-minded generally. I was present at that meeting of the Manchester Playgoers' Club when C. E. Montague got off his chest

his famous passage about the pre-Ibsen heroines "obtrusively weaker vessels, 'hither all dewy from a convent fetched,' and often as breathless and monosyllabic with aghast innocence as if they had run all the way—'sweet clinging natures,' like a well-knitted sock, and about as fit as a sock for true marriage and companionship."

THE trouble with the Ibsen-Montague-Pankhurst mentality is that it insists upon endowing women with a moral sense and in regarding them as creatures of reason. Also in supposing that men are attracted to women because of this moral sense and capacity for reason. How wrong they are, and how much more nearly right is our own Charles Dickens when he makes that one of his woman-characters who most nearly approaches the imbecility of Nora, namely Dora Spenlow, later Copperfield, say: "I didn't marry to be reasoned with!" Ibsen and his followers have never realised that the last room in a house in which to chop logic is the front bedroom. I disallow the objection that all Ibsen's bedrooms are back bedrooms.

CLAUDETTE COLBERT, the "Skylark" in the picture, is a direct descendant of the Nora of the first two acts, and I hope I need not remind readers that "Skylark" is one of Torvald's pet names for his child-wife. Claudette is the type of woman who, if she were the wife of a famous surgeon, would demand that he should break off in the middle of an operation in order to admire her new hat. She complains, not that Ray Milland no longer loves her, but that he is no longer in love with her. Ray's business having come between them, Ray must give it up, the financial side of it mattering little to her, since she gives proof of having enough clothes to last for the next ten years. There is also a potential lover (Brian Aherne) in the offing with money, a yacht, and a taste for poetry. And we spend two hours reflecting that a guinea-pig could not have less moral sense or reasoning power than Claudette, and that there is not a single woman in the audience who would not change place with her. For has she not two men on a string? And does not this constitute the height of feminine felicity? I go back to where I began, and say boldly that my views about this nonsense would not be altered if it were all photographed by a camera pointed down the chimney.

"HOLD on a bit," cries the reader who has been following closely—always supposing there is such a reader. "Haven't you got yourself into a muddle? You say that Nora is not a real woman, you admit that Claudette is Everywoman, and yet you complain that this film is pre-Ibsen. Let me ask you a question, Mr. Agate. Is not a pre-Ibsen film which is true better than a post-Ibsen one which should be false?" My answer is No. Perhaps the trade time of 10.30 a.m. has something to do with it. If at that forbidding hour I must have femininity thrust upon me, then frankly I would rather it were one of Ibsen's imaginary stuffed blue-stockings than a mindless bundle of sex-appeal, however life-like.

They all do it very well. Except that the two men should have swapped roles—Aherne's wooden quality is just what was wanted for the stolid husband, while Milland has the touch becoming a lover. Anyhow being lugged in Claudette's wake is no joke. Claudette herself puts forth so much charm that the sternest critics emerged looking as though their heads had been completely turned and might go back at any moment.



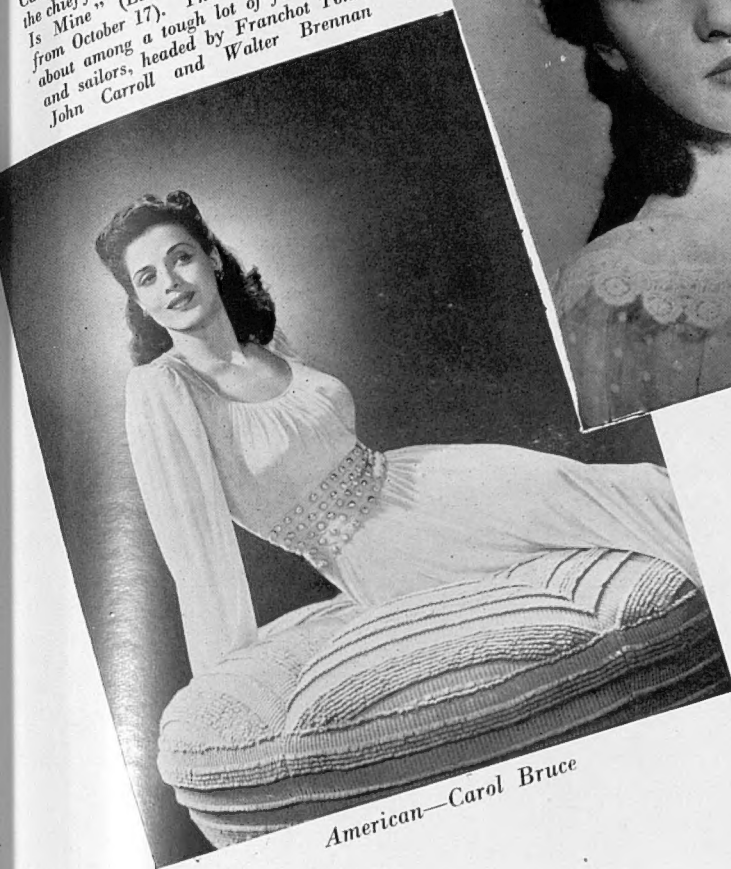
Lover, Wife and Husband in "Skylark"

Claudette Colbert is the exacting wife, Ray Milland is the hard-working husband, and Brian Aherne is the divorce-lawyer lover in the screen version of "Skylark," produced and directed by Mark Sandrich, which went to the Plaza last Friday, and of which Mr. Agate writes this week. Gertrude Lawrence had a big success in this husband-and-wife comedy on Broadway. Now it is in rehearsal for the English stage with Constance Cummings, John Clements and Hugh Sinclair in the chief parts

Debutante to the Hollywood screen is Carol Bruce, a young brunette who has the chief feminine role in "This Woman Is Mine" (Leicester Square Theatre, from October 17). The story tosses her about among a tough lot of fur-traders and sailors, headed by Franchot Tone, John Carroll and Walter Brennan



French—Blanchette Brunoy



American—Carol Bruce

Four Fair Film Faces

A French film is an event these days. Recently presented at Studio One for a season is "Claudine," in which Blanchette Brunoy is the schoolgirl heroine of Colette's novel of girls'-school loves and jealousies, which has been unsentimentally but sensitively translated into screen terms by producer Jacques Haik and director Serge de Poligny. A young doctor with whom Claudine falls in love is played by Pierre Brasseur



American—Dorothy Comingore

Dorothy Comingore had a lucky break when Orson Welles chose her as his film wife No. 2 in the most discussed picture of the season. As a result of her intense, realistic playing in "Citizen Kane," red-haired, grey-green-eyed, hitherto-unknown Miss Comingore now has good parts in "Unexpected Uncle" and in "Valley of the Sun"

Irish—Greer Garson

Prize of the month for making people cry goes to Greer Garson in a Technicolor picture about unwanted and adopted babies called "Blossoms in the Dust" (Empire, from October 17). New news about Miss Garson is that she is going to be Mrs. Miniver in a film of that name. This so-very-English character has been taken over by Hollywood, with William Wyler as director of the picture about her, and Walter Pidgeon (also opposite Greer Garson in "Blossoms in the Dust") as Mr. Miniver

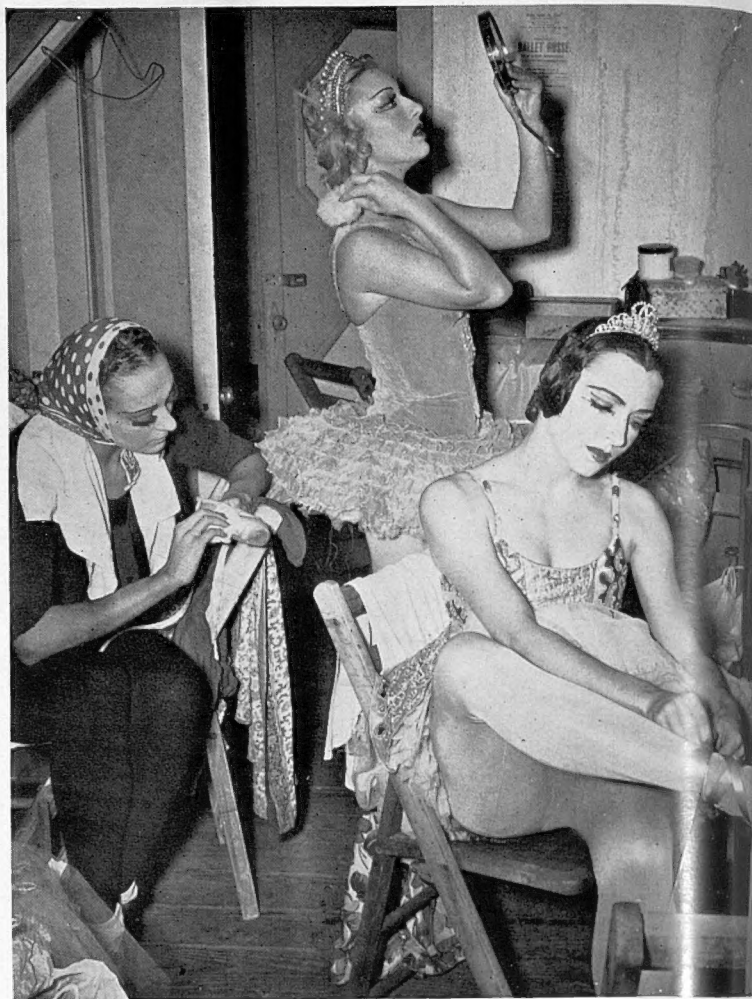




Tennis Player and Sculler and Some Civilian Defence Badges

Alice Marble, American tennis International and former U.S. singles champion, and John B. Kelly, former single sculls champion, are now Assistant Directors of Civilian Defence in charge of Physical Training, she for women, he for men. What they're doing here is looking at "insignia for enrolled volunteer workers in civilian defence," with "C.D." at the top of the sheet, stripes for wardens, plane for bomb squads, ladder for rescue parties, flame for fire watchers, pick for demolition and clearance workers, and so on

Four From America



Russian Ballet Dancers Get Ready in Washington

Colonel de Basil's Original Ballet Russe gave a week's festival of ballet at Washington's open-air theatre. Getting ready for the premiere were Tamara Grigorieva (Illusion in Igor Schwezoff's "The Eternal Struggle"), Tatiana Riabouchinska (Blue Bird in "Aurora's Wedding") and Nana Gollner (Third Variation in "Aurora's Wedding"). The de Basil company is now touring Canada



Elsa Maxwell and "Winston Churchill"

Stars in the audience at New York's Roxy when "A Yank in the R.A.F." had its gala premiere were Elsa Maxwell and someone giving a very passable impersonation of Mr. Winston Churchill (they haven't let the "V" sign oust "thumbs up" evidently). Tyrone Power is the star of the new film



Three Mountbattens and Douglas Fairbanks in Los Angeles

Captain Lord Louis Mountbatten, R.N., after his trip with the U.S. fleet on secret manœuvres in the Pacific, met his wife, his elder daughter, Patricia, and Douglas Fairbanks when he got back to Los Angeles. He is in command of H.M.S. Illustrious, which has been in an American port undergoing repairs. Lady Louis Mountbatten is in America as official representative of the British Red Cross Society. Their elder daughter is seventeen this year



Compton Collier

Viscountess Galway and Her Family

Lord and Lady Galway returned to England some six months ago from New Zealand, where Lord Galway had completed a six-year term of office as Governor-General. With Lady Galway here, on the steps of the house on the borders of Yorkshire and Nottinghamshire where they are now living, are her son and three daughters. Her son, the Hon. Simon Monckton-Arundell, will be twelve next month. The three girls are Mary, seventeen this year, Celia, a year younger, and Isabel, who was born in 1926. Lady Galway is Lord Annaly's younger sister, was a Maid of Honour to Queen Alexandra for three years before her marriage in 1922. Lord Galway, it was stated last week, "is now making most satisfactory progress towards a complete recovery" after his recent severe operation

Social Round-about

The "Tatler and Bystander" in Town and Country

By Bridget Chetwynd

Concert

THE DUCHESS OF KENT was at the Paderewski Memorial Concert in aid of Polish prisoners of war at the Cambridge Theatre. She wore sables, and a hat with black ostrich feathers.

Moiseiwitsch played: Tadeusz Jarecki conducted the first half, which began with "God Save the King" and the Polish National Anthem, and went on to the Chopin-Elgar funeral march, and a Polish Fantasia for piano and orchestra by Paderewski himself. Then there was an address by J. B. Priestley, and Sir Adrian Boult conducted the second half—more Chopin and Elgar.

Patrons included Mrs. Drexel Biddle, Lady Winefride Elwes, General and Mme. Regulski, Lady Ravensdale, the Polish Ambassador and Countess Raczynska, the Duchess of Marlborough, and Lady Alistair Innes-Kerr. Mrs. C. Chancellor was chairman of the committee, Lady George Cholmondeley, who made an announcement in the interval about the Polish Government paying expenses, was vice-chairman, and among other members of the committee were Lady Howard of Penrith, Lady Theo Cadogan, and Kathleen Lady Domville. Mrs. Charles Sweeny, Mrs. Roderick Thesiger, Miss R. Laird MacGregor, Miss Clarissa Borenus and Miss Papalexopoulos were among the programme-sellers.

Luncheon

PUBLIC luncheons continue, and Colonel Lord Nathan of Churt's N.D.P.I.C. ones flourish in particular. At the last one, to

the Lord Privy Seal, there was the usual big turn-out, and much interest to know what Mr. Attlee would say about his forthcoming visit to America.

It was the forty-first luncheon which the Committee has organised since it started operations just under two years ago. Labour was prominently represented in the audience, and among those at the top table were Lord and Lady Addison, Mr. Hugh Dalton, Lord and Lady Strabolgi, Mr. John Wilmot, M.P., and Lady Snowden.

Representing the Forces were Field-Marshal Sir Claud Jacob, Lieut.-General Sir John Brown, Lieut.-General Sir Douglas Brownrigg, Major-General K. G. Buchanan, Brigadier C. R. Woodroffe, Admiral Sir Frederic Dreyer, Air Commodore W. C. C. Gell, and Lady Ironside.

Others there included Lord Ashfield, Lord and Lady Askwith, Lord Listowel, Lord Molesworth, Lord Snell, Lord Sempill, Sir Paul and Lady Booth, Sir Bruce Bruce-Porter, and Sir Stanford London.

Activities

MISS CLAIRE LUCE, with Mr. Patrick Kinsella, was at the Paderewski Concert. She was recovering from a bad cold, and they are just off on an E.N.S.A. tour.

Mr. and Mrs. Alan Campbell-Johnson have been up in London. He has just got his commission in the R.A.F.V.R., and his new book, *Viscount Halifax*, is out this month. He was Sir Archibald Sinclair's secretary before the war, and has also written a book on Mr. Anthony Eden.



Mrs. J. K. Winter

Navana

Miss Rachel Meynell, younger daughter of Colonel Francis H. L. Meynell, and Lady Dorothy Meynell, of Hoar Cross, Burton-on-Trent, and niece of the Earl of Dartmouth, was married on October 18th at Hoar Cross to Mr. John Kift Winter, eldest son of the late Mr. W. de L. Winter, and Mrs. Winter, of Grantchester, Cambridge

Dr. Keith Newman, the psychiatrist, has just published a comprehensive little book called *Mind, Sex and War*, which deals ably with various new and old problems.

Cabaret

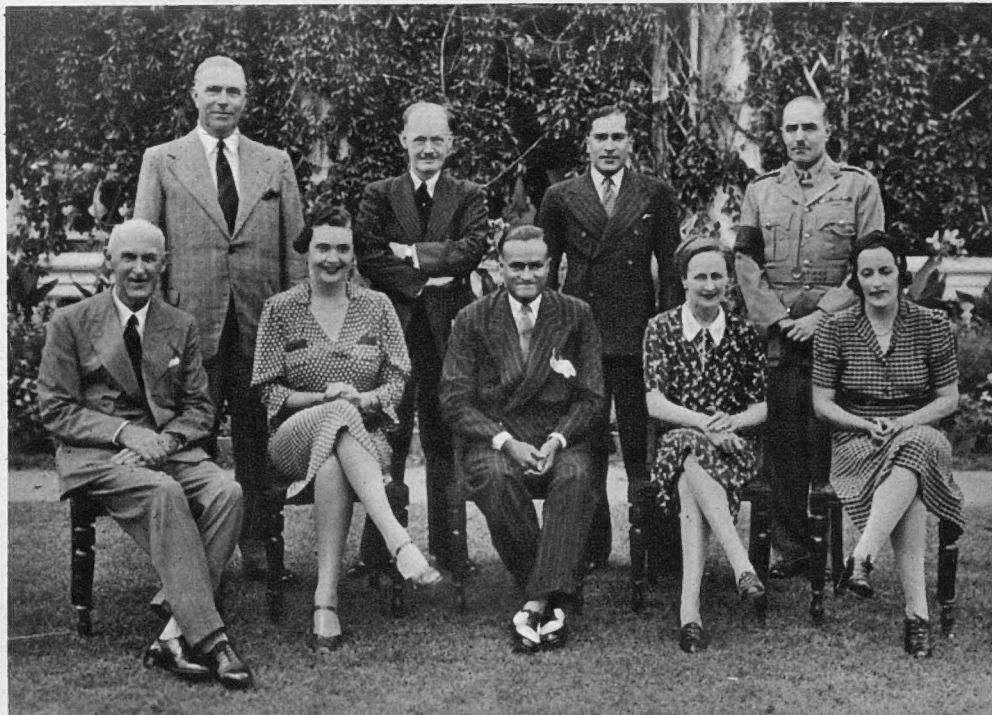
THE current May Fair cabaret has been Clifford Stanton, who does imitations—of Lloyd George, Ronald Frankau, Charlie Chaplin, Edward Everett Horton, George Arliss, etc. His war work is in the River Police, and after going home at 11.15 for four hours' sleep, he goes on patrolling duty.

Among his audience have been Lady Mainwaring, Lord and Lady Sondes, Flight-Lieut. Count Manfred Czernin, D.F.C., and his wife—they have just had a baby, well received by his elkhound, Kyro, whose name is painted on his Hurricane; Lady Cecilia Fitzroy, who is ambulance-driving in Edinburgh, dancing with Mr. Richard Lonsdale Hands—her mother, the Duchess of Grafton, is soon returning to London—and Lady Guernsey, who has done, and is doing, so much good work about canteens.

Night Club

SATURDAY night goes on being Saturday night, and there was another good turn-out at the Four Hundred. To those who think night clubs are sinks of vice, let it be said that they vary, and the haunts of the 'twenties, where the dry rustle of dud cheques accompanied the proposals of lords to tinselly young ladies of little or the wrong sort of background, have given place to stately romping-grounds for the best and youngest ladies obtainable, properly escorted, and even, occasionally, backed by a Mamma. Other people, too, of course—Miss Kay Hammond, for instance, surprisingly pink in the face again, blithe, but no longer a spirit, and at the Suivi Rex Harrison and sometimes Hermione Baddeley, always a centre of attraction.

Miss Ann Mackenzie was at the Four Hundred, in long pale blue, and with a soldier; Lord Euston, Mr. Christopher Schofield, Baroness de Rutzen, Countess Mankowska.



A House Party in Bangalore

This group from India was taken at the Bangalore house party of Major Rajkumar Desaraj Urs, of Mysore. Sitting in front are Sir Henry Craik, the Duchess of Roxburghe, the host, the Countess of Shannon, Mrs. Gentle. Behind are the Hon. Mr. Justice Gentle, the Earl of Shannon, Kumar Abtey Singh, and Captain S. E. Tidy. Sir Henry Craik, former Governor of the Punjab, is now Political Adviser to the Viceroy



Lansare

Miss Hope Rendall

Miss Hope Rendall, engaged to Captain George Astley, Royal Fusiliers, son of the Hon. C. M. and Mrs. Astley, and nephew of Lord Hastings, is the daughter of the late Lieut.-Colonel F. S. Rendall, and Mrs. Edward Collins, of Lanwithan House, Lostwithiel, Cornwall. She is in the M.T.C.; he was on the stage and played in the wartime revival of "Dear Octopus" with Marie Tempest

Dance in Edinburgh

THE Mechanised Transport Corps had a dance in Edinburgh in aid of their funds, and over 400 people went. Lots of uniforms—mostly kilts—and beautiful evening dresses. Pipers marched round the ball-room playing for eightsome and foursome reels.

Captain Rutherford-Warren (Captain of the Corps), looking charming in white, came with Lady Haward, in pale blue, and her party, which included Lady Anne Bowlby, Captain Hoverdak, of the Norwegian Navy, and Mr. and Mrs. Cowan Dobson.

Other parties were taken by Lord and Lady Francis Hill, Sir William Sleigh, Mrs.

Dugald Skene, in black lace, and Lady Maxwell-Scott, also in black.

Miss Margaret Borthwick, Miss S. Duncan Millar, and Miss Rhona McLeod were three Edinburgh beauties, and Miss Cameron of Lochiel was the holder of a winning numbered programme which entitled her to have her head drawn in charcoal by Mr. Cowan Dobson.

Irish News

DR. THOMAS KIERNAN has left Ireland to become Irish Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to the Holy See. His wife, who, as Delia Murphy, recently recorded a group of songs for H.M.V. in London, has gone too; also his four daughters and one son. Dr. Kiernan preceded Mr. Dulanty as Irish High Commissioner in London, went to Dublin about seven years ago, and was appointed Director of the Broadcasting Station there.

Mr. Earl Packer, First Secretary to the United States Legation at Dublin, has taken Captain Michael King-French's house in Eglinton Road, Dublin. Captain French was in the British Army in the last war, is a stockbroker, and fond of golf, which he plays with his son at Portmarnock.

In Hampshire

THE Hampshire branch of the Women's Section of the British Legion has just had its annual conference. Lady Capper, President, was in the chair for the first part of the proceedings, and later Miss Breton, M.B.E., county chairman, presided.

Others there were Mrs. F. H. Griffiths, Mayoress of Winchester; General Sir John Capper, Brig.-General T. S. N. M. Howard, C.B., D.S.O., County President of the British Legion, and Mrs. Howard, Colonel P. S. Stoney, County Chairman, and Mrs. Stoney, Captain D. Morton, Mrs. Chapman, Mrs. Crocker, Mrs. Carteret Carey, Lady Jellicoe (National Vice-Chairman), Major Cohen, Colonel and Mrs. Powell, Mrs. Bligh, Lady Browning, and Miss Mason.

Lady Capper welcomed Lady Jellicoe, and there were speeches touching on the gravity of the times, and mourning Lady Jellicoe's twin sister, Lady Methuen, and Lady Edward Spencer Churchill, both closely connected with the Legion.

Other Country Dates

LADY BEATTY is the new President of the Canning Town Women's Settlement, and was welcomed at an At-Home at the Settlement Residence, Plaistow. Mrs. Arthur Strutt is the new honorary secretary, succeeding Mrs. Home Peel, J.P., who remains on the Executive Council, and others there were her mother, Lady Emmott, Miss Constance Holland, Warden of the Settlement, and Mr. Haughton Watson, Honorary Treasurer.

The Duchess of Northumberland opened the bi-annual sale of work at the Masonic Hall, Alnwick, in aid of the funds of St. Paul's Church, and about £400 was raised. Besides performing the opening ceremony, the Duchess brought with her a brace of pheasants and other goods to be sold.

Enigma

EVERYONE is having their say about the Rosebud mystery in *Citizen Kane*. Such a tiresome, whimsy little word in a big strong film, and apparently referring either to Mother's photograph (was that dour woman actually called that? Anyway, some hold that the close-up of something burning in the last shot with "Rosebud" written on it was the back of the frame of said photograph) or the sleigh, which was apparently more important than one realised on its brief appearance at the very beginning (did the unnatural little fellow coin a new fixation—on sleighs? And, even so, how funny to have a Rosebud on it, anyway, and why couldn't his hoarse last cry be for a straightforward sleigh-ride?). The little glass ball with a snowstorm in it seems vaguely connected with the sleigh theory.

The film itself is much better than the little teaser it presents. Robert Donat attended it, his hair rather bushy at the back.

Correction and Apology

THE TATLER AND BYSTANDER offers its apologies to Lord Lonsdale for a statement in these columns (September 24th, page 439) to the effect that he is "dug in with a collection of Stilton cheeses laid down in the past." There is no truth whatever in this assertion, Lord Lonsdale informs us, and its publication is therefore greatly regretted.



A V.C. Out to Dinner

Wing-Commander H. I. Edwards, V.C., D.F.C., was photographed at the May Fair with Miss J. E. England. He is Australian—from Perth—and was awarded his V.C. in July for "gallantry of the highest order" in low-level bombing attacks, and in particular for the big daylight attack on Bremen



Swabe

Miss Norton and Lord Derby's Grandson

Miss Sarah Norton and Sec.-Lieut. the Hon. Richard Stanley were also at the May Fair. She is the daughter of Captain the Hon. Richard and Mrs. Norton, and he is the second of the three sons of the late Lord Stanley, and grandson of the Earl of Derby. They are both twenty-one this year

Events in England



A mobile kitchen, given by the Women's Golf Association of Massachusetts, U.S.A., to the Ladies' Golf Union, was presented to the Y.M.C.A. by Lady Astor, president of the L.G.U. The gift was received by Mr. James Fairbairn on behalf of the Y.M.C.A. Mobile Canteen Committee. Above are Miss Lloyd Williams, Miss D. I. Clark, Lady Astor and Miss MacFarlane, with two members of the Y.M.C.A., in front of the kitchen



A piece of cake, half-eaten by King George of the Hellenes, was auctioned by Lady Crossfield, on the occasion of the presentation by the Greek King of a mobile canteen for the Y.M.C.A. to Princess Helena Victoria, president of the National Women's Auxiliary of the Y.M.C.A., in the grounds of St. James's Palace



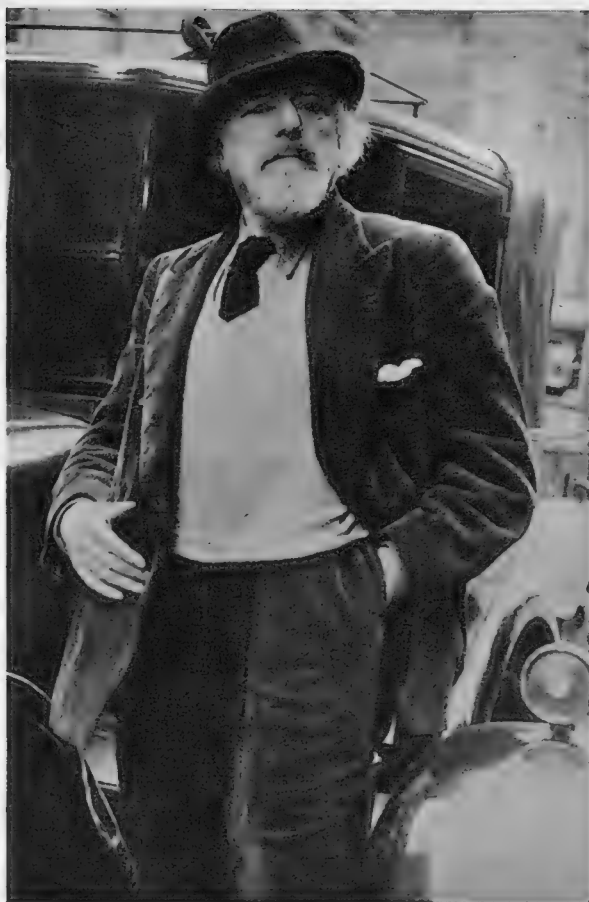
In memory of Dr. Harry M. Crookshank, her father, Miss B. C. Crookshank presented an ambulance from herself and her brother, Captain Crookshank, Financial Secretary to the Treasury, to the Red Cross and St. John war organisation. Field Marshal Sir Philip Chetwode, chairman of the organisation, received the gift. Above: Field Marshal Sir Philip Chetwode, Commandant Le Grand, and Miss B. C. Crookshank



Christmas toys are being made by the London Fire Service in their off-time at the stations. The British War Relief Society has presented a cheque for £500 for the purchase of materials to make the toys, which will be distributed to nurseries where they are required. Lady Ravensdale is seen examining a model of the Queen Mary made out of "blitzed" wood



The Greek community in London raised the money for the mobile canteen presented by King George of Greece to the Y.M.C.A. Miss Papalexopoulos, who is a niece of Lady Crosfield, drives and serves in it. The canteen is the first one to be entirely staffed by Greek personnel



In a traffic block in London, Mr. Augustus John was photographed. A book of this famous artist's drawings has just been published. As a draughtsman, Mr. John is unsurpassed, and a loan exhibition of his drawings, taken from all periods of his career, was on view at the National Gallery not long ago. Fragments of his autobiography are appearing in the magazine "Horizon"



A notable engagement announced recently was that of Sir John Anderson, Lord President of the Council, to Mrs. Ralph Wigram. She is the widow of Mr. Ralph Wigram, who was for some years First Secretary at the British Embassy in Paris, and later head of the Central European Department of the Foreign Office. Sir John has a son and daughter by his first wife, who died in 1920



Johnson, Oxford

Silver Thimble America was the name given by Lady Maud Carnegie to a second neuro-surgical unit presented by the Silver Thimble Fund, the money for this one being raised by the American branch of the fund, in America. Lady Maud is patroness of the fund, and was received by a guard of honour on her arrival at St. Hugh's College, Oxford, and shook hands with some of the staff



Johnson, Oxford

A bicycling family is that of Sir Reader Bullard, the British Minister in Iran. Lady Bullard goes for a ride with Giles, Julian and Godfrey in Oxford, where they live. Sir Reader Bullard has had several consular posts in the Middle East and in Russia before his appointment to Teheran in 1939. The Bullards have another son and a daughter besides those in the photograph

Standing By ...

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

MAKING rather a naïvely exclamatory or headline issue of the fact that a poet, Mr. Francis Meynell, has been appointed Board of Trade Adviser on Consumer Needs, the Fleet Street boys seemed to forget that the dreamiest poets are notoriously men of action.

Chaucer (later Ambassador) fought a chap in Fleet Street. Villon was always being slung into the cooler for assault, battery, and theft. Samuel Rogers ran a bank in the City. Marlowe stabbed a chap in a Deptford pub. Wordsworth after denouncing the new railways in a bad sonnet wrote to his broker, got in on the ground floor, and made a tidy packet. Christopher Smart whacked a pretty bottle and wrote his finest poem in Bedlam while cuckoo. Tennyson muscled into the peerage. Baudelaire lived and fought with a mulatto actress. Byron swam the Hellespont, walked out with numbers of girls, and died in arms for Greece. Shakespeare was a highly successful business man and bill-broker. Maeterlinck is, or was, a notable pugilist. Verlaine was juggled for shooting at Rimbaud, and Rimbaud was tough enough to chuck up writing blazing, astonishing poetry at the age of nineteen and rush off to Africa, or somewhere, for good. Lord, one could go on for ever showing what fine hairy desperate fellows poets—good poets—are, not only devils for brawling and love-making and fighting but men of affairs, delighting in danger and restlessly daring new fields of activity, as anybody knows who has ever sailed the Channel with Mr. Belloc or (they say) viewed Mr. T. S. Eliot performing the multiple duties of a London churchwarden.

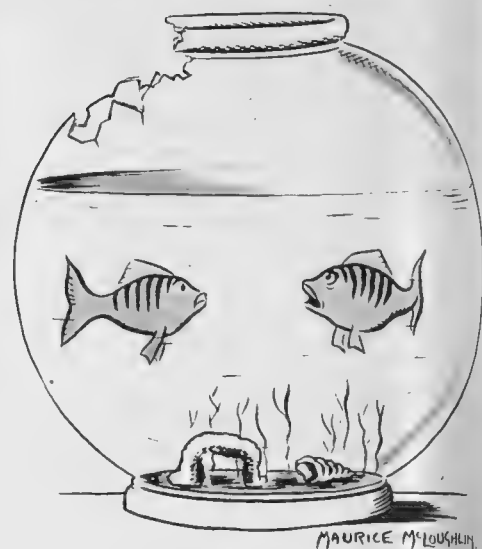
Advising or even terrorising the Board of Trade should be infant's-play to a poet. After all Humbert Wolfe broke the Ministry of Labour's heart years ago by writing love-poems after office-hours, and they say 'most anybody can kick it in the pants to-day.

Limey

THERE was no need, we thought, for an American broadcaster to be so charmingly apologetic recently in referring to the word "limey," for generations used by citizens of the United States to describe citizens of the British Isles. We never minded it one bit ourselves, even at the Yale Club.

It comes from the lime-juice ration served as an anti-scorbutic to British seamen in windjammer days, when New York was just an insignificant smear on the waterfront and hustled, ringleted fireships with a rolling eye lured red-faced mariners of the Black Ball Line into dives where they were boffed on the scone, at the proper time, by whiskery gentlemen flashing with snide jewellery, relieved of their pay, and turfed out. (Precisely the same was happening simultaneously to Yankee seamen down Ratcliffe Highway and round the dockside areas of Liverpool and other seaports, so scores were even, except that our chaps didn't have scurvy.)

We personally find "limey" agreeably evocative of a romantic New York most New Yorkers seem oddly keen to forget: a homely, passionate, and primitive town of shady avenues and low brownstone houses, whiskers, long skirts, hansoms, gaslamps, and simple, elementary crime, more or less acknowledging the presence, in an even simpler



"I see you caught it badly over your way last night"

Washington, of Presidents with mild, euphonious names such as James K. Polk.

Appeal

WHEN one thinks of the huge dizzying onslaught modern New York in its noisy splendour makes on the senses, that pre-skyscraper New York seems like a dim, benevolent, modest old lady in a sequined bonnet and elastic boots tripping gently down a quiet street, the dear old mittened hands under the voluminous black silk shawl gripping nothing more harmful than a blackjack, or a marlinspike, maybe a bottle of knockout drops.

Don't apologise for "limeys," Manhattan; we find it kinda restful.

Liebestraum

"**C**RAZY, inefficient, and unpunctual," remarked Lord Monkswell harshly in the House of Lords the other day, speaking of—whatever do you think?—the British Railway System, en bloc.

On the other hand, remember, British railways continue to breed pure Arab locomotives whose plastic beauty often causes the impressionable to heave a sigh. Need we remind you of the French Symbolist who fell passionately in love with two new engines of the Chemins de Fer du Nord? Listen:

"One, the Crampton, an adorable shrill-voiced blonde, long, slim, imprisoned in a dazzling brazen corset, with the supple, nervous stretch of a cat; a golden sparkling blonde, whose extraordinary grace is terrifying when, contracting her muscles of steel, she sets in motion the immense rose-windows of her delicate driving-wheels and glides off, full of life, at the head of expresses and fish-trains.

"The other, the Engerth, a dark, monumental brunette with a low, hoarse cry, her sturdy flanks clamped in an iron cuirass, a monstrous animal with a tousled mane of black smoke and six low coupled wheels; what overwhelming power when, making the earth tremble under her, she trails, heavily and slowly, her massive train of goods!"

Antidote

THAT's how true engine-lovers like Des Esseintes went on in the 1900's, when locomotives wore



"— Ought to wear well, too, I should think"

Racing in Ireland

The Leopardstown Meeting



Between Races

Mrs. R. Lywood and Mrs. Richard Colthurst were two spectators. The former's husband is on Sir John Maffey's staff in Dublin. The latter is the wife of the brother and heir-presumptive of Sir George Colthurst, Bt., of Blarney Castle



Mother of a Winning Jockey



On the Stand

The Marchioness of Dufferin and Ava, who is an indefatigable war worker in Northern Ireland, came south to watch the racing at Phoenix Park. She is with Lieut. G. M. Cuthbertson, of Princess Patricia's C.L.I.



Wife of a Leading Irish Owner

Mrs. Joe McGrath, with Mrs. MacAvin here, is the wife of Ireland's leading owner. Mr. McGrath made Turf history at the recent Newmarket Sales by paying 14,000 guineas for the late Lord Furness's eleven-year-old mare, Carpet Slipper, who is in foal to Hyperion. He owns the famous Brownstown Stud

Photographs by
Poole, Dublin

Mrs. Tommy Burns, with Capt. Dan Corry, an ace rider of the Eire Army, on the left, saw her son, young Tommy Burns, win the Dargle Plate on Colonel Arthur Blake's Winter Berg. Tommy Burns and his son are two of Ireland's crack jockeys

THE TATLER AND BYSTANDER



Irish Golfer

Mrs. John Beck won the Irish women's golf championship in 1938. Her husband, now a Wing-Commander in the R.A.F., was non-playing captain of the British Walker Cup team the same year



A Sailor in Musti

Captain Ian Black, R.N., was at Phoenix Park. He was photographed with the Hon. Mrs. Herbert Smith, aunt of the eighteen-year-old Lord Plunket

Standing By ...

(Continued)

tight-waists and high toques and trailing skirts. Faced with the more ravishing models of 1941 like the Flying Scot, or Sir Erisypelas, or even Repton (Schools Class), that Symbolist would pass out on the platform in an ecstasy.

Next time British railways, having raised fares yet again, drive you hopping mad with that pose of a public benefactor nobly forgiving stinking ingratitude, gaze into the liquid, coal-rimmed, wildly jealous orbs of your engine-driver and beg his permission to stroke the heaving flanks of Beauty (but make sure he lays down that big ugly spanner first).

Slip

ONE of those careless remarks which lead to untold confusion, misery, violence, and doom has been attributed by a daily paper to a Home Guard, speaking of the

new Northover projector, a natty and precise engine of war which fires glass bombs. "I would like to bowl at Bradman's wicket with one of these," said the H.G. "It would go straight through his bat."

Knowing the Northover well, we are aware that a single one of its bombs thus aimed would shatter and annihilate Bradman's bat, Bradman in person, the wicket, the wicket-keeper, the adjacent fielders, the bowling-screen, and a few hundred spectators—those who were not already dead when they took their seats—in an inferno of smoke and flame. The immediate result would be the secession of Australia (including Sydney Harbour, the finest in the world) from the Empire, the plunging of the entire Island Race into a madness of despair, and the loss of a bat which even in Bp. Bradman's lifetime was a major relic, entitled to an escort to and from the pitch of two M.C.C. sub-deacons vested in pure white flannel and bearing lighted wax torches, as everybody knows who went into the Pavilion a few years ago at Lord's, when this bat

was solemnly exposed by Archbp. Fry to public veneration.

Having got into trouble once or twice already, not only with nice Australians but with great angry horse-faced fanatics of the Race, for seeming to gibe at Holy Cricket, we will merely, meditating on the prospect summoned up by that appalling Home Guard's outburst, venture to remark: (1) that, as Oscar Wilde said of the death of Dickens's Little Nell, a man must have a heart of stone to read about it without laughing; and (2) that Sydney Harbour is the finest in the world.

Wizard

THE death of David Devant, the distinguished practitioner of White Magic, moved *Auntie Times* to describe him as probably the foremost magician of all time; a large claim, considering how clever the Chaldees and other ancient Orientals were at the game, but maybe reasonable.

Devant, unless we err, also knew something of the mysteries of the Outer Dark, but eschewed them as wise men do, being aware of the deadly perils of the Road to En-dor. The Island Race dabbled quite a lot in Black Magic during the seventeenth century, having succumbed to a wave of satanism from France, though practising in a milder way. Sheila Kaye-Smith's *Gallybird* gives an admirable picture of a couple of cultivated necromancers of this period raising the dead in Sussex, and we once stumbled on a long-empty, mouldering, graceful Jacobean house on the edge of a remote Sussex wood which stank in every room of strong evil, as though the inner mysteries of Hell, as practised by that infamously select group in France, had been celebrated there for years.

Reaction

A DOG, our companion, shuddered and ran out whining. A large, rosy, tweedy hard-woman-to-hounds remarked that the place felt damn awful. The agents continued doggedly to advertise it as a Unique and Desirable 17th Century Property, Retaining All Its Characteristics, though we called that day and asked them if they knew what some of these characteristics probably were. They stared owlishly through gilt pince-nez and said "Oh!", and "Ah!", and they took the tweedy woman for our nurse, or keeper. You can't fool a house-agent.

Démenti

A RECENT note in this page has led a reader who claims to be 108 to suspect we have some secret grudge against centenarians; than which, of course, nothing could be more mistaken.

What we do feel about centenarians is that they are the tiniest bit apt to swell and swagger over the simple feat of not dying, which of itself seems to us nothing to set to music. Few of them seem to grasp the first duty of the extremely aged, which is to meet somebody or do something in their childhood calculated to interest people eighty, ninety, or a hundred years hence. For example, the father of a chap we used to know in Paris some years ago knew the concierge of the terrible Robespierre, whom this concierge described as a very natty little man ("très coquet"). We also have an elderly friend who, when a child, often talked to old Mlle. Montgolfier, daughter of the pioneer balloonist, and heard from her own lips how in her childhood she had leaned from a balcony and seen the mob pouring up the Faubourg St. Antoine to storm the Bastille. . . . That sort of thing.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis

Old Bill: By Bruce Bairnsfather



"C'm'on, Busby! Step on it! Wavell wants to get started!"

Celebrity Sitters

To Artists of Three Nations



Serge Rodzianko Paints a Polish Portrait



Alexander Jaray Models Mr. Lloyd George

Alexander Jaray, the Austrian sculptor, went to stay with Mr. Lloyd George at Churt recently. While there he made a bust of his host in clay, since cast in bronze, which will be the chief exhibit at a show of Jaray's work to be held in London shortly. One of Vienna's foremost artists, Mr. Jaray left Austria in 1938. Most of his finest works stand in the Viennese parks, including the best known of them, "Hamlet"

Serge Rodzianko, who is Russian, and formerly so well known as an international lawn tennis player (he represented both France and Czechoslovakia at Wimbledon) and as a very fine horseman, began his successful career as an artist eight years ago. Last July he held an exhibition of his work at the Arthur Ackerman Gallery, part of the proceeds of which went to Admiral Muselier's Spitfire Fund. He has now been commissioned to paint a life-size portrait of General de Gaulle to hang at the Free French headquarters, and hopes in the near future to have Mr. Churchill and Prince Bernhard as his sitters. He is seen above with his painting of General Sikorski

David Jagger has painted a striking portrait of beautiful Vivien Leigh, who has for the time being deserted the studio to return to the stage as Madame Dubedat in "The Doctor's Dilemma," now on tour. Art is well represented in David Jagger's family; his brother was the late C. S. Jagger, the famous sculptor, and his sister is also an artist. Last year the Jagger Family Exhibition, containing works of all three, was shown in Yorkshire and in London



Vivien Leigh Sat for Her Portrait by David Jagger

With Silent Friends

By Elizabeth Bowen

Gracious People

I *Too, Have Lived in Arcadia* (Macmillan, 15s.) Mrs. Belloc Lowndes's memoir of her own family, has a haunting, very distinctive charm. It is a book in a thousand, for it conveys the character of a group of people, at once highly civilised and original, and the atmosphere of an unusual place. From the moment when, on a spring day in 1867, two English ladies walk up a road near the village of Celle St. Cloud to meet two French ladies who stand near a villa gate, the reader feels involved in human destiny: Miss Bessie Parkes, in search of a summer villa in which to spend two months with a delicate friend, was actually walking to meet her fate. She had been shown the advertisement of a chalet to let, on the wooded heights about twelve miles outside Paris, above Bougival and the Seine. The chalet was the property of a Mme Belloc, who, recently widowed, herself lived in the villa next door. The French lady who waited with Mme Belloc was Mlle Montgolfier, daughter of the inventor of the balloon.

Miss Parkes did take the chalet. Years later she was to tell her daughter that she experienced, on her first evening there, an emotional upheaval for which she could not account. In the course of the two months at Celle St. Cloud she not only formed a deep friendship with Mme. Belloc but came to realise that

Mme Belloc's son Louis was, in spite of his extreme delicacy and his detachment from ordinary life, the man she was to marry. Of the marriage, which, in the face of infinite complications, took place shortly afterwards, there were two children: the daughter became Mrs. Belloc Lowndes, the son was that Hilaire Belloc who has added his name to our literature.

Mrs. Belloc Lowndes and her brother could hardly have had a more interesting parentage. The Miss Parkes who became their mother was in herself unusual: she came, on her father's side, of an English Midland Unitarian family; her great-grandfather had been the scientist, Joseph Priestley; her mother was of American birth. Bessie Parkes's childhood in London had had enlightened surroundings, and she had grown up to enjoy an independence of thought and freedom of movement known to few unmarried women of her time. Her father had given her an ample allowance; she had made her own plans, chosen her own friends. She a little disappointed her charming, more worldly mother by her preoccupation with "causes," and by her refusal to wear stays. In fact, Miss Parkes must have been a fair, if unusually attractive, example of the "advanced" English gentlewoman of the eighteen-sixties. She worked hard for women's emancipation. Unhappiness caused by an

early love affair had turned her thoughts from marriage, and though she had many suitors she was still heart-free at the age of thirty-seven, when she came to view the chalet at Celle St. Cloud. In her youth she had been, like most of her advanced friends, an agnostic, but in 1864, to everybody's surprise, she had been received into the Church of Rome.

A French Family

THE Mme Belloc who was to become Bessie's mother-in-law and lifelong friend was an equally original character: daughter of an aristocratic army family, the Swantons, she had herself a little deviated from tradition when she married the artist, Hilaire Belloc. The Bellocs were an old Breton family. As a beautiful young married woman, Louise Swanton Belloc had played a part in the brilliant Parisian world of her day. She wrote: her life of Lord Byron won praise, and one of her books for children had had the honour of being crowned by the Academy. Stendhal had been among her admiring friends.

Her husband's career as a painter had been as illustrious. The ideally happy couple had had three children: their first tragedy had been the serious brain illness, as a young man, of their only son, Louis. In Mme Belloc's view, the lasting delicacy left behind by this illness must debar Louis from marriage. She was, therefore, seriously alarmed when Louis Belloc and Bessie Parkes told her of their intention to marry; and her affection for Bessie, and wish for her happiness, made her do everything to try and persuade the Englishwoman to call the engagement off. She pointed out that, apart from everything else, it might not be easy to marry into a French family. To love France was one thing, to accept its domestic standards and mood of life was another.

Letters

ONE can see how right Mme Belloc might have been. She was only too happy to find herself proved wrong. Owing to what might be called a kind of personal genius in all the characters involved, the marriage turned out an idyllic success. The young couple spent the greater part of their years with Mme Belloc and Mlle Montgolfier at Celle St. Cloud, though they moved for their winters into their own apartment in Paris. The great charm of *I, Too, Have Lived in Arcadia* is that it really does depict a sort of Arcadia—a world in which everybody was at their best, in which nobody was trivial, vulgar or selfish. Life at Celle St. Cloud was quiet, but had a rare quality: the Bellocs and their friends were, in the highest and best sense, people of the world. This picture of French family life quite disproves the idea that happy people are dull—or, at any rate, dull to hear about. Happiness appears to be the result of a particular

(Concluded on page 105)



A Christening in Scotland

The second son of the Hon. Henry Cecil, Gordon Highlanders, and the Hon. Mrs. Cecil, was christened at Banchory, Kincardineshire by the Bishop of Aberdeen and Orkney, and given the names of James Comyn Amherst. Mr. Cecil, who is the brother of Lord Amherst of Hackney, married in 1938 Miss Elizabeth Rohays Burnett, only daughter of Major-General Sir James and Lady Burnett of Leys. Mr. and Mrs. Cecil were photographed with their sons after the ceremony



Christened at the House of Commons

The christening of Virginia Anne, the baby daughter of Squadron Leader Norman John Hulbert, M.P. and Dr. Pearl Hulbert, took place in the Crypt Chapel at the House of Commons. The ceremony was performed by the Speaker's Chaplain, Canon A. C. Don. Squadron Leader Hulbert has been the Member for Stockport since 1935. He is seen above with his wife and the baby in her nurse's arms

Dancing Partners

Jeanne Ravel and Ronnie Boyer, Her
Sailor Husband, in Hertfordshire

The war is responsible for separating temporarily a dancing partnership which began seven years ago, that of Jeanne Ravel and her husband, Ronnie Boyer, who is now in the Navy. Before his departure the couple had a great success at the Café de Paris, the May Fair and the Savoy, with their spectacular exhibition dances. In one of these, when Jeanne was whirled by the ankle, her head, six inches from the floor, was said to travel at 25 miles an hour. Now Jeanne has had to think out new ideas for her solo work, and is to appear in the New George Black show, *Get a Load of This*, at the Hippodrome. She studied ballet with Espinoza in Switzerland, and later was Daleroy's star pupil in Geneva. Before the war she and her husband toured Europe and South America

Photographs by Tunbridge-Sedgwick



The Boyers have a 300-year-old cottage in Hertfordshire, with a thatched roof and an attractive wild garden. Jeanne keeps her figure while in the country by some strenuous fencing with an invisible opponent

Ronnie Boyer came to the cottage to spend his one-day leave with his wife, who smoked a cigarette while waiting for him, and lit his pipe on his arrival



A Variety of Uniforms



Miss Audrey Debenham Does the Flowers

Left: Miss Audrey Debenham, youngest of the five daughters of Sir Ernest Debenham, Bt., of Moor Lane House, Brianspuddle, Dorset, is an Assistant Section Officer in the W.A.A.F. Here she is arranging some flowers to decorate her office

Right: Miss Betty Lee has just been promoted to officer's rank in the W.A.A.F. She is now Assistant Section Officer. Miss Lee, who is the daughter of Lady Rossmore by her first marriage, has served in the ranks of the W.A.A.F. for nearly two years, and was attached to a fighter squadron in Kent



Miss Betty Lee Becomes an Officer



Lady Blane and Lady Freeman Both Work Hard for the Y.M.C.A.

Lady Blane is the widow of the late Commander Sir Charles Rodney Blane, R.N., who was killed in the Battle of Jutland. She is largely responsible for the organisation of the Y.M.C.A. fleet of mobile canteens, which provide light refreshments for men of the A.A. and the Balloon Barrage. Lady Blane went to France at the outbreak of war to make arrangements for women Y.M.C.A. workers over there, and during the evacuation of Dunkirk did nearly four days' non-stop canteen work at Dover Pier

Lady Freeman, another Y.M.C.A. worker, bicycles from her home five days a week, to Y.M.C.A. headquarters, to take over a mobile canteen. She is the wife of Air Chief-Marshal Sir Wilfred Rhodes Freeman, one of the daughters who are in Scotland for the duration. Lady Freeman has been a Y.M.C.A. worker for eighteen months, and sometimes serves as many as 100 meals in a day. The welcome the canteen receives from the men makes



Pearl Freeman

A W.A.A.F. Officer From Johannesburg

Wing Officer Dacre, a senior officer in the W.A.A.F., is the wife of Air Commodore G. B. Dacre, who is serving with the R.A.F. in England. Her father was the late Mr. W. P. Fraser, of Johannesburg, and she is a sister of Sir Ian Fraser, chairman of St. Dunstan's, and a Governor of the B.B.C.



Berkeley Square, canteen. She is d has two small as worked for the 750 cups of tea well worth while

The Hon. Mrs. Leslie Gamage is the organiser of a very efficient hospital supply service which also provides comforts for the Forces. She has a large staff working under her at her headquarters in Westminster, and, in addition to this, she has collected some 900 helpers who work at home. Besides men in the Services, bombed-out children and old people also benefit by this organisation, 300 to 400 parcels being sent out every week. Mrs. Gamage is the wife of Captain Leslie Gamage, M.C., and is a daughter of Lord Hirst



Compton Collier

Mrs. G. E. Fitzhugh, A.T.S., With a Couple of Pokes



Tunbridge-Sedgwick

The Hon. Mrs. Leslie Gamage, Organiser of a Hospital Supply Service

Now in the M.T.C.

The Hon. Mrs. Patrick Bellew
at Her Surrey Home



Before the war Mrs. Bellew entertained her many friends at Parkside, Englefield Green. She is seen in one of the attractive rooms there. With her husband on active service and her small son in America, she is now able to devote herself to war work in the M.T.C.

Photographs by
Tunbridge-Sedgwick

Three important members of the Bellew household are Nuffer the poodle, Suivy the Peke, and Poirot the French bulldog, seen below with their mistress



The Hon. Mrs. "Paddy" Bellew with Suivy, the Peke

The Hon. Catherine Moya de la Poer Beresford, younger daughter of Lord Decies, married in 1936 the Hon. Patrick Herbert Bellew, a half-brother of Lord Bellew. He is serving in the R.N.V.R. The Bellews have sent their four-year-old son, John Jeremy, to America, and Mrs. Bellew has just completed her training with the M.T.C., of which she is now a member. Parkside House, Englefield Green, is the Surrey home of this very popular couple



With Silent Friends

(Continued from page 160)

kind of *savoir vivre*. One asks oneself—are we, today, losing that art of being quietly happy? If so, it is time we learned it again.

One might, of course, equally ask oneself whether Mrs. Belloc Lowndes has not idealised this atmosphere of her parents' marriage and her own childhood? But the best answer to that is, that almost the whole of the book has been drawn from family letters—in fact, letters make up its greater part. And what letters!—intimate, original and brilliantly descriptive of scenes and episodes. The Louis Bellocs were quite often in England, and at such times great cross-Channel correspondence went on. Also, Louis's two sisters wrote, and were written to. Then, in 1870, come the anxious, unhappy separations caused by the Franco-Prussian War. At this point, the family letters become history—their detail could not be more interesting. They invite a hundred comparisons between then and now.

The Siege of Paris

As news comes of disastrous French defeats, and of the relentless Prussian advance, Celles-St. Cloud has to be abandoned. The Belloc's worst fears for their home are justified: at the end of the war they return to find villa and chalet not only stripped but befouled in unspeakable ways by the Prussians who had occupied them. Most of the family go to England—where, owing to our country's at that time pro-German sympathies, they are far from happy. Bessie, her husband and children, catch the last train out of Paris—looking out of the window, she sees earth being thrown on to the lines behind the train. The indomitable Mlle Montgolfier, now in her eighties, and one of Louis's sisters remain in Paris throughout the bombardment, the siege and the horrors of the Commune that followed it. During the siege, letters went by air mail from Paris to London—first by carrier pigeon, then by balloon. Mlle Montgolfier, as the inventor's daughter, is formally present at the inauguration of the balloon mail. In fact, the old lady continues her spritely existence with that sang-froid we have all observed in the old.

Too, Have Lived in Arcadia closes with a description of Mrs. Belloc Lowndes's and her brother's childhood, which, after the too early death of their father, was spent to and fro between England and France. All sorts of contrasts appeared to their childish minds. Mrs. Lowndes's account of herself as a little girl is most engagingly modest, acute and funny.

Dickens and England

How far does a great imaginative writer invent his own world; how correctly does he observe the world he is in and what are the value of his reactions to it? These questions are both raised and answered in Mr. Humphry House's *The Dickens World* (Oxford University Press, 10s. 6d.). The book comes at a good time, for I foresee a great rise in Dickens's shares. The number of high-class people who "simply cannot read him" seems to be rapidly diminishing. It cannot be denied that Dickens is sentimental, but his great racy qualities by far outweigh this. He is not only a first-rate story-teller, he not only has a coloured imagination that never seems to exhaust or repeat itself, but he is the most English of English novelists. With the state of England and the future of England he always felt himself intimately concerned—and this made him a reformer and moralist. Though his pleas for reform, embodied in

many novels, were addressed to his readers' hearts more than their heads, he was not only an exceedingly practical but an exceedingly realistic man.

Dickens was a journalist as well as a novelist: he never ceased to use his journalistic powers. Experience as a parliamentary reporter had set up his lasting interest in politics—but, also, his sceptical attitude towards politicians; his burning wish to get something *done* made him impatient with oratory. He was equally impatient with would-be reformers who seemed to him either too intellectual or too pious. Dickens, as Mr. House shows, was far from being alone in his wish to clean up the England of his day: he hummed with ideas as to how this should be done, but was hostile to "theory" for its own sake. Mr. House's picture of the England of Dickens's day—a picture founded on close and careful research—shows that Dickens, in his novels, certainly did not exaggerate when he wrote of the squalor, vice, degradation and misery caused by bad conditions and unfair laws. In fact, in many cases he understated: there were many subjects he could not attack frankly because of the Victorian pruderies against which he did not care to offend. In his "forty works and more you will not find a page which a mother need withhold from her grown daughter."

With the *jeunes filles* in his public always in view, Dickens had to rely, for his moral pictures, on intense, sometimes morbid pathos rather than realism. But we ought not to let

this lessen our respect for him: few men can afford not to compromise if they are out to achieve an important end. By working just as he did, by penetrating, with each of his novels, deeper and deeper into the English heart, Dickens influenced public opinion and wrought changes as a more relentless person might not have done. His weight was felt in a great English period of reform. In innovations, such as the railway, he delighted with childish zest—Mr. House quotes some passages about railway travel which as impressionistic writing are really magnificent. He loved progress for its own sake, loved to see new buildings rise where there had been patches of foul waste land. *The Dickens World* should be read by every one willing to add a background of knowledge to the fairy-tale pleasure they already take in Dickens. It should be read, also, by those who tend to underrate Dickens—here we have a picture of a vital, important man.

Glamour

MISS DAPHNE DU MAURIER's writing certainly works a spell. Whether or not one believes in her characters, they never fail to have a romantic glamour. *Frenchman's Creek* (Gollancz, 8s.) with its fearless, amoral, resourceful hero and heroine (the beauty en villegiature and her pirate love), its Cornish setting and its "period" charm is well up to standard: I was as deeply absorbed by it as I used to be, as a child, by *The Scarlet Pimpernel*, and I cannot believe it will leave any reader cold.

Caravan Causerie

By Richard King

"THE women of Britain are wonderful!" Sally had read these words in the newspapers; she had heard them over the wireless; she had been *told*. It made her feel exceedingly proud; as if, somehow or other, she stood with the soldiers at the front. Before the war she had been a housemaid earning forty pounds a year. Now she was earning nearly five pounds a week. Moreover, she was having the time of her young life; what with the crowds of her fellow munition workers; more than three pounds a week to spend as she liked, and a town full of soldiers. Life, for the first time, was really exciting.

Old Miss Bond, as daily she trudged up the hill, never wondered for a moment if she too were wonderful. It never entered her head. Before the war she had had her own comfortable little home in Blaybury, the county town, an old servant who adored her, and three hundred a year. Now taxation and loss of dividends had reduced that income to a little over two pounds a week. Something had to be done about it if she were to pension off old Mary, the maid, exist herself and still do her bit. So she presented her house to the local committee, which was seeking to discover accommodation for evacuated mothers. When last she visited her old, deeply cherished home, it was in such a state that she felt her mother must be turning in her grave—as corpses are presumed to revolve at the antics of a modern generation.

Today, old Miss Bond lives in a single room in "Oddly-upon-Wem," and dreads only one thing—the long winter evenings spent over a minute fire. During the daylight hours she is busy indeed. For, during the last war she had taught Braille, and now, once again, she is opening up a new world to those blinded for their country's sake. That is her bit and, in spite of her rheumatics and her touch of bronchitis and her general frailty, she is determined to do it. Her pupils love her, and she loves them. Without knowing it—which is the general way—she is happy; because she is

doing something worth while; she is sacrificing rather than receiving; she is at peace with herself—that ultimate beatitude.

There is no self-propaganda about Miss Bond. The world ignores her. Sally, with her five pounds a week and in her smart new overall is news. Miss Bond is just a frump whom the world considers might just as well be dead. The war has given almost everything to Sally: it has taken almost everything away from Miss Bond. But Miss Bond is not beaten. No, she is not beaten. Once more she has begun to help the unhappy to climb stiles. Perhaps, that is the one divine consolation left to those whose dreams never came true. An outlet for that love which never found an outlet yet, or perchance having found one, lived to see it dammed. She is not winning the war, of course, but surely she is doing something valiant for the peace which will one day follow? This peace may, perhaps, find Sally—face to face with her own actual worth—a revolutionary, furiously angry over thwarted rights. Miss Bond, probably penniless by then, will, if her physical power endures, still be helping the tragic sufferers of the war to climb stiles. Even so, she will never be news. But she will never be aware of the fact, and she would be terribly embarrassed if she were.

Yes, undoubtedly the women of Britain are wonderful! Yet, I have a faint suspicion that years hence, when I remember that wonder, my memory will linger most lovingly over the Miss Bonds, who gave up almost everything to do their bit, and of whom history will relate absolutely nothing. Some of the unknown heroes and heroines of human tragedy about whom nobody ever hears and nobody writes up. Nevertheless, I hope that the pæans sung by those who did realise their worth are still deafening the silent watchers in heaven. Miss Bond, her day ended, her duty done, will probably die quite forgotten and all alone. *Ça, c'est la vie.*

WHAT THE SITUATION DEMANDS



Painted by
F. C. Harrison

1. **WHEEL** for putting shoulder to
2. **SOCKS** for pulling up
3. **STONE** for not leaving unturned
4. **BRASS TACKS** for getting down to
5. **TRUMP CARD** for playing
6. **BOLD FACE** for putting on it
7. **BELT** for tightening
8. **GUINNESS** for strength



General Drill—Weighing Anchor by Hand

By Wing-Commander E. G. Oakley Beuttler

"General Drill" is an occasion when many unusual orders are given by the Captain to maintain efficiency. "Weighing anchor by hand" is a strenuous task, mercifully not often performed. Capstan bars are put into the capstan, which is pushed round by the crew and prevented from running back by pawls. These drop into sockets every foot or so and, if one of them carries away, the cable and anchor take charge by sheer weight, with the results shown in this mix-up aboard one of our older battleships in the Mediterranean. The capstan revolves (backwards) at horrific speed; the officer kneeling thereon unavoidably follows suit (the Commander sometimes stands on the capstan to urge on the crew); two bars are in mid-air; while the petty officer on the right has inadvertently let go the starboard anchor as well. Never a dull moment!

Pictures in the Fire

By "Sabretache"



This picture was taken cub-hunting with the Old Surrey and Burstow Hunt, on Outwood Common, with the oldest working windmills in England in the background. The Master, Colonel H. Robinson, has given up his horse, and hunted on foot

"This" for Remembrance

URING the earlier part of the day everything yielded to the impetuosity of the Prussians and to the skill of their chief. The lines were forced. Half the Russian guns were taken. The King sent off a courier to Berlin with two lines announcing a complete victory. But in the meantime the stubborn Russians, defeated yet unbroken, had taken up their stand in an almost impregnable position on the eminence where the Jews of Frankfurt were wont to bury their dead. Here the battle recommenced. The Prussian infantry, exhausted by six hours of hard fighting . . . were yet brought up repeatedly to the attack, but in vain. The King led three charges in person. Two horses were killed under him. . . . His infantry was driven back with frightful slaughter . . . terror began to spread . . . the fiery cavalry of Laudohn (the Austrian general who had linked forces with the Russians), still fresh, rushed on the wavering ranks. Then followed a universal rout. The King sent to Berlin a second despatch very different from the first: 'Let the Royal Family leave Berlin. Send the archives to Potsdam. The town may make terms with the enemy.' The defeat was in truth overwhelming. Of 50,000 men who that

morning had marched under the black eagles, not 3000 remained together."—Macaulay on *Frederic the Great's* defeat at Kunersdorf, August 12th, 1759 (*Seven Years' War*).

Long Ships

THESE vessels have always been connected with devastating raids, and it would seem that this Viking tradition has survived, for his Majesty's three-year-old, who had the nice racing weight of 7 st. 8 lb. in the Cesarewitch, set up a definite scare after his brilliant trial over two miles at Newmarket on the 15th. A gallop in private is never the same thing as a gallop in public, for no one, excepting the owner and the trainer, knows the weights. And again, there are many horses that will not try a yard in private, and need all the tow-row and excitement of a racecourse and the sight of the colours to get them really on their toes. Conversely, there are those which these things scare stiff, and they become quite incapable of showing that brilliance which they have done in private.

Longships is one of the equable kind, and that is why they put such a number of other horses in that Newmarket gallop with him.

The Market Report

THAT his performance made the local prophets sit up is evidenced by what happened in the betting market, that usually unerring guide to the value of a racing commodity. Here are a few dates and quotations which tell their own story. At the October 1st call-over Longships was not even accorded a figure; on October 4th and October 6th he was likewise not mentioned; on October 13th, two days before this gallop, he was quoted at 15 to 1; Royalist (previous quotation 100 to 6), whom he beat so decisively, at 25 to 1. On October 18th—i.e., after the news of the trial had got abroad—Royalist was quoted at 40 to 1 and no takers; on the 20th Longships' price was 10 to 1; Royalist still at 40 to 1.

On public performance it was not easy to fancy his Majesty's colt, but when Newmarket hands out a tip with great vehemence it is never safe to treat it with anything but the greatest deference. The Newmarket prophets stuck to Sun Castle through good and evil report, even when his Leger chances were dwindling; and they were right. They were wrong, on the other hand, about the Derby, where this colt was concerned, but we know now that there was a good cause for his inglorious performance. The hopes of his Majesty's lieges where Longships was concerned unhappily were not realised.

The Wall Game

WHETHER this famous pastime was originally suggested by the exploits of a dilatory Roman bricklayer is not known at Eton. The one solid fact is that for all these many years the Eton Wall has completely frustrated the united efforts of the warring factions of Collegers and Oppidans to push it down. The other fact which stands out many yards in connection with walls is that some imitators of Balbus became heavily imbued with his slothfulness. Even the modern Smith Minor will possibly be able to recall that the evidence afforded by the Public School Latin Grammar is to the effect that "Balbus was building a wall."



A Motor-Coach Company, R.A.S.C., Somewhere in England

Back row: Sec.-Lieut. C. J. F. Oxenford, Capt. G. G. Black, R.A.M.C., Sec.-Lieut. H. W. Powell, Capt. R. Tompkins, Sec.-Lieut. L. W. Evans, Sec.-Lieut. R. O. Roberts. Front row: Capt. W. A. R. Wordsworth, A. P. Lamplough-Lamplugh, W. A. C. Mascord, Major John Lomer (Commanding Officer), Sec.-Lieut. A. Mindelsohn (Adjutant), Capt. A. J. Atherton, Sec.-Lieut. F. E. B. Hawkins . . . (and "Jill")



D. R. Stuart

Fettes College Rugby XV. Beats an O.C.T.U. Team on Their Home Ground

Fettes Rugby XV. gave a good display when they beat an O.C.T.U. XV., containing two Cambridge Blues, in a match played on the College ground. The result of the game was Fettes College, 2 goals 3 tries; O.C.T.U., 3 tries. The winning team in the photograph were: (standing) J. Ure, D. Smith, I. Buchanan, G. I. F. McPherson, J. D. Cowie, C. D. McWilliam; (sitting) I. G. Shanks, D. S. Ramsey, R. W. Creeke, N. G. Millar (captain), A. A. O. Kidston, T. N. Hunter, W. Dobson; (in front) R. Morison, J. B. Grant



D. R. Stuart

The O.C.T.U. XV. who were beaten by Fettes College by 19 points to 6 were: (standing) Lieut. R. O. Sims, Officer Cadets L. C. Martin, N. Curden, F. G. Bennett, P. L. King, R. P. Watkin; (sitting) Officer Cadets A. W. Sprinbett, R. A. A. Smith, A. T. Lambert, J. L. Churcher (captain), A. C. Millar, G. G. Lawson, R. H. Coulthard; (in front) Officer Cadets G. Johnston, G. E. Lawrence. J. L. Churcher plays for Rosslyn Park in peacetime, and R. A. A. Smith is a Cambridge Blue

There is not a tittle of testimony to suggest that he ever completed his doubtless praise-worthy project. When the history of this war comes to be written, much of that precious substance, paper, might be saved if the object lesson furnished us by Balbus is borne in mind. An unfinished wall is not of as much use as a sick headache, about which there is something very definite. The Eton Wall is very solid.

A Tibetan Maginot

SIR FRANCIS YOUNGHUSBAND and a select band of other people will remember this military engineer and his wall at a place called the Hot Springs at Guru. This wall was built a part of the way across a rocky road by which the advance of the two-men-and-a-boy British force had to travel. On the right of the Tibetan position was a very useful ridge. This he very kindly left unoccupied. On his left was the open plain. His wall was a very short one. The outcome of the resulting action which took place it seems quite unnecessary to indicate. This Maginot was quite as inept and stupid as the Roman bricklayer.

The Unchanging Hun

To anyone who knows the German it seemed to be almost superfluous for Lord Elibank and Mr. R. Salisbury Woods,

the chairman of the Cambridge University Athletic Club, to issue a warning against a belief that the German we are fighting is ever likely to differ from the German we have met in the past, or that the Nazi is anything new. That this is a dangerous belief it is hardly necessary to emphasise: yet, as we are all aware, there are people quite ready to be cozened, and who tell us that it is only Hitler who has created the special brand of savage which is to-day encountered. The leopard cannot change his spots even if he wanted to, which he does not. History furnishes the flattest denial. It also seems quite unnecessary for the *National-Zeitung* to dare us to deny German thoroughness and organisation. Nobody has ever questioned it.

A Steeplechasing Parallel

A SMALL matter, perhaps, but I suggest a very good example of German method. Many besides myself will no doubt remember a hard-punching Prussian cavalry officer, one Baron Von Schmidt-Ernsthausen. This artist used to perform on a big grey steed which invariably "came it" at one particular fence on a certain steeplechase course—a big, four-foot grassed bank which was absolutely solid, but which looked otherwise. The intrepid Von Schmidt, knowing that he was on a good hiding to nothing

when he and his cavorting and much-overbent quadruped reached this obstruction, posted his groom and a few other myrmidons on the landing side ready to catch the horse, pick up the "jockey," and throw him up into the saddle again with a minimum loss of time.

This was German thoroughness in *excessis*, and deserved a better reward than it got, for Von Schmidt never won on this rocking-horse. He was a good-class steed, but overdone—that is to say, his owner had made him a bit too supple; he went very "round," would never get hold of his bit, and though you could canter him round a sixpence and make him change every other stride by just using your legs and the appropriate rein-pressure on his neck, his place was not the steeplechase course but the manège or the circus. I rode him many times in his work, but never—praise the pigs!—in a race.

As to the owner, he was the quintessence of Prussian bumptiousness and self-conceit: one of those chaps who knew everything and knew nothing outside the cavalry of the Imperial Guard, the equivalent of our Household troops. A most unpleasant person, but a most thorough one and full of bravery. Some people listened to his blether because he had a handle to his name, but most did not! The German Army was the be-all and end-all of his existence. The unchangeable Hun!

The Captain and Two Officers of the Lady Shirley

H.M. trawler *Lady Shirley*, the Hull fishing-boat which sunk a U-boat and captured forty-four survivors of the crew, is commanded by Lieut.-Com. A. H. Gallaway, R.A.N.V.R., who is seen with two of his officers, Sub-Lieut. R. L. Waller, R.N.V.R., and Sub-Lieut. R. E. French, R.N.R.



At Malvern Home Guard Exercises

Discussing operations, during Malvern Home Guard exercises at Madresfield Court recently, were Captain Sir Ronald Lechmere, Colonel the Hon. R. Lygon, Lieut. H. M. Robinson, Major G. W. Gaskell and Colonel Grice-Hutchinson

W. Richardson, Worcester



Getting Married

The "Tatler and Bystander's" Review
of Weddings and Engagements



Richard Nathaniel Twisleton-Wykeham-Fiennes, second son of the late G. Y. Twisleton-Wykeham-Fiennes, and Mrs. Twisleton-Wykeham-Fiennes, and Mary Morwenna Daphne Hale, daughter of the Rev. J. R. and Mrs. Hale, of Yalding Vicarage, Maidstone, Kent, were married at Yalding Church

Twisleton-Wykeham-Fiennes — Hale



Sec.-Lieut. James Charles Cecil, K.R.R.C., elder son of the late Captain A. W. J. Cecil, and the Hon. Mrs. Cecil, of Maybanks, Rudwick, Sussex, and grandson of the late Lord Stuart of Worley, was married at St. Stephen's, Westminster, to Elizabeth Hope Caton-Woodville, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. Caton-Woodville, of Littlewick Green, near Maidenhead, Berks.

Cecil — Caton-Woodville

Kathleen Eunice McCracken, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. H. McCracken, of Crossways, Chalfont St. Giles, Bucks., has announced her engagement to Captain Thomas Hope Read, Ox. and Bucks. L.I., youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Read, of Wakehurst, Englefield Green, Surrey



Pearl Freeman

Kathleen Eunice McCracken



Harlip

Anne Rosemary Kinsman

Anne Rosemary Kinsman is engaged to Sec.-Lieut. Kenneth Crewe Thompson, the Life Guards, younger son of Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Thompson, of Eastwood Hall, Barn-ingham, Yorks. She is the daughter of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. F. F. I. Kinsman, of the Red House, Windlesham, Surrey



Captain Andrew Macbeth Anderson, R.A., elder son of the late Lord Anderson, and Lady Anderson, of 7, Lyndoch Place, Edinburgh, and Cecil Anne Balmain Hutchinson, A.T.S., only child of Mr. and Mrs. Geoffrey Hutchinson, of Lower Hampton, Malpas, Cheshire, were married at St. Oswald's, Malpas

Anderson — Hutchinson

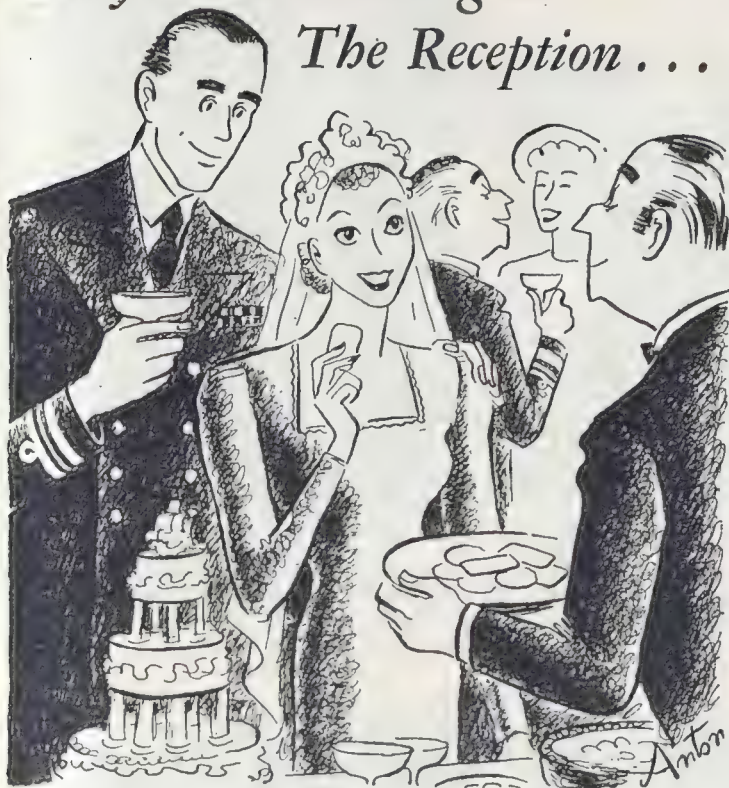
Lieut. Kenneth Firth, R.N.V.R. (Fleet Air Arm), younger son of Sir William and Lady Firth, of Hurtwood House, Holmbury St. Mary, Surrey, and Cynthia Dorée Latimer, only child of Mr. and Mrs. R. D. Latimer, of Rosemount, Lane End, Bucks., were married at Hatchford Church, near Cobham

(Concluded on page 172)



Firth — Latimer

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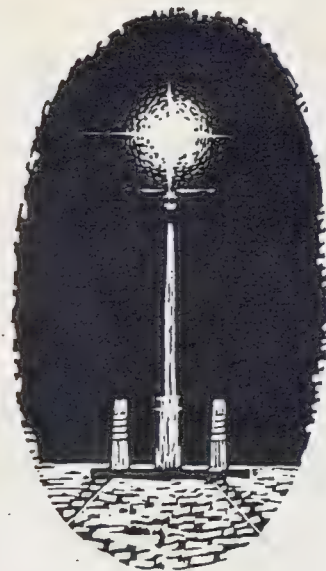
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2½%
NATIONAL
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Getting Married (Continued)



Anderson — Dent

Pilot-Officer Dennis Vernon Anderson, R.A.F.V.R. and Mabel Wilkinson Dent, third daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. H. B. Dent, of 13, Ashburn Gardens, S.W.7, were married at St. Jude's, Courtfield Gardens. He is the elder son of Dr. and Mrs. C. V. Anderson, of Houghton, Johannesburg



Fraser — Tandy

Captain Hugh Vincent Fraser, Westminster Dragoons, younger son of Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Fraser, and Mureen (Biddy) Tandy, elder daughter of Colonel and Mrs. M. O'C. Tandy, of Llanfoist, Camberley, Surrey, were married at the Royal Military College Chapel, Camberley



Willis — Parry

Fl.-Lieut. Charles Douglas Victor Willis, R.A.F., son of Mr. and Mrs. C. Willis, of Plasnewydd, Bodmin, and Section-Officer Margaret Lyell Parry, W.A.A.F., only child of Eng. Rear-Admiral and Mrs. H. Parry, of Glamnor, Newport, Mon., were married at Bodmin Parish Church



Scott — Daukes

Lieut. Douglas Noy Scott, Sherwood Foresters, elder son of Dr. and Mrs. Noy Scott, of Plymouth, Devon, and Mary Loraine Daukes, youngest daughter of the Bishop of Plymouth, of Linkincorn, Crapstone, Devon, and the late Mrs. Daukes, were married at Buckland Monachorum Church



Mackay — Soutar

Sec.-Lieut. Ronald Mackay, son of Mr. and Mrs. E. F. Mackay, of Avalon, Tadworth, Surrey, was married to Grace Phyllida Soutar, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Soutar, of Woodrings, Douglas, Isle of Man, at St. George's, Douglas



Rathbone — Brice

A/Major Christopher P. H. Rathbone, R.A., eldest son of the late Percy G. Rathbone, and Mrs. Rathbone, of Blickling, Epsom, Surrey, and Phyllis Brice, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Brice, of Fordwich, Canterbury, Kent, were married at St. Mary the Virgin's, Fordwich



Wellings — Belcher

Lieut. J. F. C. Wellings, Highland Light Infantry, son of the late C. H. C. Wellings, and Mrs. E. B. Aldridge, of Barnfield, Dunsford, Surrey, and Margaret Belcher, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. Argent Belcher, of Westholm, Maldon, Essex, were married at All Saints', Maldon



Cornish — Job

Sec.-Lieut. Vyvyan L. Cornish, Nigeria Regiment, son of the late Oliver Cornish, and Mrs. C. L. Cornish, of 75, Wellesley Court, Maida Vale, and Evelyn Mary Job, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Job, of 53, Rue Maréchal Allenby, Alexandria, were married at St. Mary's, Walton-on-Thames



Jeffreys — Marjoribanks

Montagu Vaughan Castleman Jeffreys, only son of Colonel F. V. Jeffreys, of 76, Westwood Road, Southampton, and the late Mrs. Jeffreys, and Joan Sheila Marjoribanks, eldest daughter of the late Colonel R. D. Marjoribanks, and Mrs. Marjoribanks, of 5, Larpent Avenue, S.W.15, were married at St. Margaret's, Putney



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Air Eddies

By Oliver Stewart

Concentration

NO country at war finds it harder to keep its mind on the job than Britain. At a time when agricultural workers are being taken from the task of growing food in order to put them in the Forces, Lord Reith is having a glorious gambol among the works and buildings that are to be.

Wisdom dictates that all the thinking and planning capabilities that Lord Reith or anyone else of equal elevation may possess should be devoted to winning the war, and not to pipe-dreaming about the peace. There should be all-out effort without *arrière pensée*.

How far we are from that was shown by the treatment in Parliament and elsewhere of the famous memorandum by the Co-ordinating Sub-Committee of the Select Committee on National Expenditure. (By the way, when Government and near-Government organisations give up these non-stop titles, we shall begin to believe that there really is a need for economy in the use of paper.)

This Sub-Committee called various aeronautical activities in question, suggesting lack of economy. Mr. Winston Churchill in Parliament on October 16th answered the critics, but much more amicably than—in my opinion—they deserved.

Opposites

FOR the truth is that anybody who imagines that wars can be run according to the theory and practice of accountancy is daft. War is waste; and to suggest that one can order aircraft or build aerodromes according to the niggling, haggling principles of an Eastern bazaar is to suggest that opposites can be brought together.

The Government should have no patience with those who criticise its activities on the grounds that the bargaining has not been as keen as it might have been. In peacetime it is right that considerable effort should be expended and considerable time devoted to obtaining aircraft, aero-engines, air equipment and aerodromes at the lowest possible rates; but in war the thing is to get the goods.

I have no sympathy whatever with Select Committees or anybody else who would delay the manufacture of one split-pin by one second in order to save money. The time is now so grave that there is no question of saving money. Everything we have must go into the war effort, and the way to deal with profiteers is not to haggle with them and hold up the contract, but to throw them into prison.

(By the way, is an unskilled, mentally deficient youth of low physique earning twelve pounds a week making munitions a profiteer or one of the toiling masses? Is the civilian who exchanges his peacetime post for a lower-paid post in a Government department, yet who manages at the same time to change his mode of transport from a fifth-hand, self-maintained Austin "Seven" to a large, W.A.A.F.-driven, service maintained motor-car, an unselfish patriot or an astute self-seeker?)

Anyhow, the public will have no patience with Select or other Committees which seek in any way to hamper Ministers in their duties by bringing up book-keeping.

Rank

ONCE again, with unerring accuracy, the Air Ministry has taken a false step in its official rank designations. It has now determined that designations such as Flight Sergeant shall be applicable not only to members of the Royal Air Force, but also to members of the Women's Auxiliary Air Force.

No Ministry has ever had such a bad record in this matter of titles and designations as the Air Ministry. Every time it opens its mouth, as the music-hall comedian said, it puts its foot in it. May I, with due respect, suggest that the lesson I have tried to teach at the beginning of this article, namely, that there is need for concentration on essentials at the present moment, applies very urgently to the Air Ministry?

Besides the ways and means of winning this war, and winning it quickly, it really does not matter much whether a woman in the W.A.A.F. is called a senior sergeant or anything else; the point is not to cause a dissipation



R.A.F. Officers in Conversation

Pilot-Officer E. I. Skinner, P.T. Officer for the Station, Flight-Lieut. H. W. Davies, Station Adjutant, Flight-Lieut. C. Wratten, Mess Secretary, and Flying-Officer H. Drummond, of South Africa, have a chat outside the mess. P.O. Skinner fences for the R.A.F., and F.O. Drummond has played rugger for the Orange Free State, and, in England, he has represented Lancashire at rugger, and played both rugger and cricket for Manchester University while he was there

of national effort by deciding on changes at the present time.

A sense of responsibility seems sometimes to be lacking in the Air Ministry. If it can, it always likes to fritter its time away on trivialities. It is not so bad as the Home Office, which also has a habit of frittering away its time on errors made by its own officers. But if only they could both learn to concentrate on essentials, they would immediately augment the war effort.

At present the Air Ministry and the Home Office both remind me of small girls with pig-tails sitting over their home-work, sucking their pencils, but totally unable to keep their minds on the task in hand.

How Fast?

NOTICE that all the reports about the Bell Airacobra which appeared in the Press and on the radio the other day, after there had been an officially sponsored visit to the R.A.F. squadron that is equipped with these machines, skated round the question of top speed. So the question remains unanswered: what is the top speed of the Allison-engined Airacobra?

The makers once gave the figure of approximately 400 miles an hour; but this was not confirmed. Nor has it been to this day. We have no "Martlesham figure" for this machine. It would be very interesting to have such a figure, for it would throw some light on whether the slim nose given by the aft position of the engine is aerodynamically superior to the fattish nose given by the orthodox engine position.

Meanwhile I am going to be greatly daring and make a guess at the top speed. It is 375 miles an hour. That is a pure guess. I have had no figures from anyone who has flown the aircraft. It is my own estimate and nothing more. One day, I suppose, we shall hear if it is right or not.



Headquarters and Maintenance Staff at an R.A.F. Station

Front row: S.-Ldrs. D. Sheehan, D. Davies, S. R. Brown, H. J. Brown, G. M. F. O'Brien, D.S.C., W.-Cdr. H. G. Wisher, the Commanding Officer, a Lieut.-Colonel, S.-Ldr. J. S. Ellard, F.-Lts. T. F. Trump, E. C. Holmes, W. Wallace, A.F.M., W. R. Williams, R. M. Sterndale. Middle row: Rev. S.-Ldr. A. B. Purdie, P.-O.s C. E. Badley, L. S. Elmes, H. E. Reynolds, S. G. Giles, Captain T. Drake, R.A., P.-O. J. Atkinson, F.-O.s M. J. McRobert, R. E. Spray, F.-Lt. P. M. Davies, Rev. S.-Ldr. R. Lloyd, P.-O. E. Hardcastle, D.F.C. Back row: P.-O.s S. Alchomowicz, O. D. G. Creegan, G. A. P. Griffiths, F. C. D. Parkinson, F.-Lt. J. B. Robinson, A.-S.-O. N. K. Elwin, P.-O.s A. S. Owers, Andreae, P. E. Hindmarsh, H. J. Ketchen, R. J. Madill, G. R. Southam

D. R. Stuart



The Long and Short of it...

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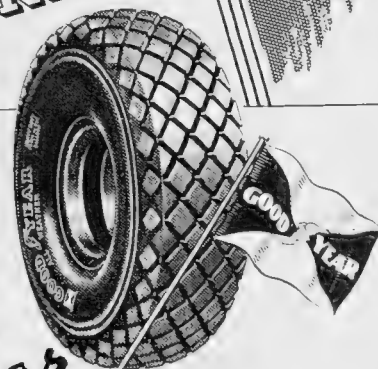
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Gillette Industries Ltd., Gillette Corner, Gr. West Road, Isleworth, Middx. and your gift will be acknowledged with thanks.



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Send postcard to Dept. "J" Goodyear Tyre & Rubber Co. (Great Britain) Ltd., Wolverhampton, and this leaflet will be sent post free. It is in your own and the National interests that you run your tyres as long as possible.



Supplies are short so you should order from your regular dealer in advance of your requirements.

Goodyear Higher Mileage

THERE IS A GOODYEAR TYRE FOR EVERY MAKE OF MOTOR VEHICLE

THE HIGHWAY OF FASHION by M. E. BROOKE

The maternity frock, formerly such a problem to the prospective mother, has been simplified and certain devices introduced for camouflaging unattractive contours. To Dickins, & Jones, Regent Street, must be given the credit of the model on the left. It is carried out in a soft material and is available in many colour combinations. There is the coat with the adjustable back, reinforced with an elongated apron, attached to the coat. It must be carefully studied ere its manifold advantages are appreciated. There are many variations on this theme, and others composed of a smock and skirt. Illustrations of equally practical designs will be sent on application



Now that winter is rapidly approaching furs must be acquired at the earliest possible moment, as the prices are rapidly rising. A visit to Molho's (5b Duke Street, Manchester Square) will convince all women that it is possible to own practical and attractive furs at pleasantly moderate prices. Of course there are more costly models for evening wear. Above is a coat and hood of natural opossum which is very soft and silky: the coat is 27 guineas and the hood 2½ guineas. Naturally there are less expensive ones, of the bolero persuasion. This season ocelot and beaver are often seen in alliance—both hard wearing furs—and Indian Lamb and dyed Squirrel are well represented

Practical and distinctive is the wrap coat on the left. It has been designed and carried out by Aquascutum, 100 Regent Street, in dark "dog" check Harris Tweed. There is a turnover collar, very neat, also cuffs. When seated in a car it wraps well over the knees, and when walking it is never cumbersome. There are a variety of other country coats, belted and swagger. Again there are weatherproof "Scutum" tweed coats. These have no rivals to fear. Tailored suits (ready-to-wear and made-to-measure) are well represented. It seems almost unnecessary to mention that uniforms for men and women in the Services have received careful consideration



See it's 'Celanese', and your Coupons will go further



Now, of all times, you must buy what you know is good—And the Quality of 'Celanese' is as good as ever it was. If you do not find it here or there, look somewhere else. 'Celanese' is quickly snapped up, but it is well worth looking for in Undies, Nighties, Pyjamas, Dresses and Dress Lengths. Also in Men's Shirts, Dressing Gowns, Ties and Pyjamas—and Children's things.

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Bubble and Squeak

Stories from Everywhere

IT was late afternoon, and the young man was thoroughly weary. He had been looking for a job, and his feet ached from tramping the city streets. He was also very hungry.

Wearily, he plodded up four flights of stairs and opened the door of a dingy, one-room employment agency. He stuck his head inside.

"Anything open?" he asked hopelessly.

The employment manager sighed. He hadn't made a cent in over two months.

"The only thing that's open," he groaned, "is that window over there."

The job-seeker grabbed at the offer.

"Well," he cried, moving forward. "I think I'll jump out of the window."

The employment manager stopped him.

"I'm sorry," he apologised. "But that's taken, too!"

"PETERBOROUGH," in *The Daily Telegraph*, tells the following little story:

An R.A.F. officer was complimenting a W.A.A.F. on her skilful handling of a barrage balloon.

"Where were you before this?" he asked. "You must surely have had a lot of experience with balloons."

"I was in the Foreign Office," she replied.

A MAN who had dined well but not too wisely wandered into an auction sale. After listening to the proceedings for a moment or two, he found that the article being auctioned at the moment was a parrot. In a state of fuddlement he started bidding for the bird. As the bidding went higher and higher he gradually became more sober and to his horror realised that the result was that the parrot had been knocked down to him for twenty-five pounds.

To verify the fact he asked a man standing by if it was true that the parrot was his for such an absurd sum.

"That's right," replied the bystander.

"But," cried the drunk, "I don't know anything about parrots. Can this one talk?"

"Talk! I should think he could," was the reply. "He's been bidding against you for the last half hour!"

THE woman was applying for a divorce.

"Your lordship," she said, "he broke every dish in the house over my head and treated me cruelly."

"Did your husband apologise or express regret over his actions at the time?" asked the judge.

"No, your lordship, the ambulance took him away before he could speak to me."

Jock wasn't really mean—he just hated to spend good money. One day he woke up with a bad throat. During the day it got steadily worse, and he thought he had better do something about it. So he loitered outside the doctor's surgery till he met the medico by accident.

"And hoo's business the noo, doctor?" he asked cheerily.

"No' so bad," was the doctor's reply, in a cautious voice.

"I should think there'd be a lot of colds and sair throats to prescribe for this cold weather," went on Jock.

"Ay," said the doctor, still more cautiously.

"An' what dae ye usually gi'e for a sair throat?" queried Jock in a hopeful tone.

"Na'ething," snapped the doctor. "I dinna want a sair throat."

A MEDICAL officer had called to inspect a peasant's cottage in Ireland.

"Do you think," he said, sternly, "that it is healthy to have a pig living in your kitchen?"

The woman in the cottage bridled.

"Sure, yer honour, he's niver had a day's illness since he came into the house."

ONE of our contemporaries who has a correspondent giving advice to readers recommending hotels, etc., had a rather amusing letter sent to him which read as follows:—

"I would be extremely obliged to you by your kindly indicating to me a convenient place where I could put up with my wife."

TWO CORRECTIONS.

In our issue of October 15 we published a photograph of Mrs. James Maxwell and her small daughter. She is the daughter of Col. and Mrs. T. E. Daniell—not Davich, as we stated.

In our issue of October 8 we said that Mr. Michael Musgrave, son of Sir Christopher and Lady Musgrave, had just got a commission in the Irish Guards. He is, in fact, only eighteen, and is at Christ Church, Oxford, but hopes to enter the Irish Guards when he leaves Oxford.



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4 times warmer than any woollen
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Anne. Smart afternoon dress opening down left hand side of bodice fastening on shoulder, finished with two tucks either side. It has an inset waistband and wide box pleat back and front of skirt. Made in all wool repp in a good range of colours. Women's size (11 coupons) 38/9.

Apron 797. An attractively embroidered open-work fine organdie bibless apron, finished with a plain white frill.

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Cap 511.

To match apron 2/6½

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SAILORS are but MEN



THREE years ago, I was a garage mechanic, making 50/- a week. When war came, I joined the Navy as a motor-mechanic, went through a course of training, passed the tests, and here I am — Chief Petty Officer on an M.T.B. (motor torpedo boat), the fastest craft afloat.

An M.T.B. goes out under cover of darkness, fires her torpedoes where they'll do most good, returns to re-load, and repeats. It would be too bad if there was engine-trouble, and that's where I come in — I see there isn't.

The only snag is being away from the wife, especially during the blitz periods. Last year she was working right in the middle of it and I suppose I must have got worried about her. Anyway I began to feel like a chewed string. Even a long sleep didn't seem to rest me. I was always tired. So while I was home on leave once, my wife would insist that I got the doctor to give me a tonic. I thought he'd just give me a bottle of the old pink medicine but instead of that he talked to me about the three Sleep Groups.

It seems you can divide people into three Sleep Groups. The 3rd Group are the people who suffer from real insomnia. The 2nd Group are the people who seem to sleep all right but don't get properly rested by their sleep. The 1st Group are the right 'uns — they get the kind of sleep that does a real repairing job. The doctor said that Horlicks would help me to get back into the 1st Sleep Group and build me up generally.

So my wife and I started taking Horlicks and to cut a long story short — it's done us both a power of good.

In the last letter I had from my wife, she was saying how much fresher she feels now all day. I'm the same. I'm quite bright even first thing in the morning! And how I enjoy our night runs now! I'm back in the 1st Sleep Group all right and I give Horlicks credit for it. What I think is this — it's good, nourishing food, you sleep well on it, and it builds up a sort of reserve of energy in you for the next day.



YOUR sleeping time is your repairing time. During sleep, your body and mind should be completely rested and restored so that you are alert and brimful of energy next day. If you are not restored in this way by your sleep, you cannot be your best or do your best. You must get into the 1st Sleep Group with the people who are fully alive, alert and purposeful from morning till night. Horlicks will help you to get into the 1st Sleep Group. In every way it will build you up and enable you to put out the extra effort needed from each one of us to-day.

We ask the forbearance of users of Horlicks when their chemists or grocers are temporarily without stock. Every effort is being made to ensure equitable distribution.

HORLICKS

Women's Golf

By Eleanor E. Helme

GIFTS from U.S.A. are very many and varied these days. One, characteristic in practicality as well as generosity reached its destination this week in the shape of a mobile kitchen presented to the Ladies' Golf Union by the Women's Golf Association of Massachusetts, U.S.A. It was duly handed over to the Y.M.C.A. on behalf of the L.G.U. by its president, Lady Astor, and only a pressing prior engagement, in the shape of a daily job of work, prevented this scribe being there to pick up some crumbs of gossip. Presumably a certain number of golfers may have got there, even though the notice was short, and they are certain to have had gossip worth hearing.

One sentiment they are all quite sure to have expressed, and that is a tremendous appreciation of Massachusetts W.G.A.'s gift and the realisation that things like this, in days like these, will make an enormous difference when the time comes for international golf to play its part again in Great Britain's design for living. Perhaps it has already played a bigger one than is always realised; sport can forge extraordinarily close bonds, and maybe some of the hungry or homeless who will have reason to bless that Y.M.C.A. kitchen, will have owed their hot eats and drinks to good recollections of golfing occasions.

THERE is nothing like sharing trouble to make friends or family also ready to share much else. British golfer's sympathy, for example, over the tragic death of Miss Marian Miley, is a fresh link. To Miss Elsie Corlett especially, who had so stirring a match with her in the Curtis Cup of 1938, the news of her murder came as a terrible shock.

It was at Southport and Ainsdale in 1936 that we saw Miss Miley over here, a quiet dark-haired girl with a cheery smile who was a very welcome guest. How good a golfer she was may be guessed from remembering that she only won that Curtis Cup match in the States one up by taking the last three holes off Miss Corlett—and that the latter came straight back to win the English Championship at Aldeburgh, saying that one trip to America had taught her more than half a dozen years golf in this country.

That was Munich month, and when in nineteen-forty-something we play the next English championship Miss Corlett will still figure on the sheet as holder.

IT is good to look forward, not only back. Paper and pencil were always the golfer's bugbear, and now at last the first commodity—or rather lack of it—is responsible for a regretted announcement. The Paper Control has set its face even more sternly, and the golf page in this paper ceases with this number. Only, let it be hurriedly added, for the duration. At the first possible moment, so far as it is possible to promise anything, the page will come to life again, and with it, in due rotation, those activities of autumn, Scottish, Northern and One Day Spring Foursomes, the Girls' Championship, and the TATLER AND BYSTANDER Monthly Spoon Competitions and Yearly Cup.

AWORD regarding these last. One card has been already received for the October competition, but with this cessation, *no spoons will be awarded even if the requisite number should come in before November 1st.* Such energy cannot be wasted, it is too precious in these days when every ounce is needed somewhere, so it is proposed to pass the cards on, with accompanying sixpences, to Fairway and Hazard for their monthly Empire Surprise Competition. It is suggested, moreover, that anybody who has cards shall send them in there for succeeding months. The full conditions are in Fairway & Hazard; for the moment it is enough to say that the address is Birch Mead, Hersham, Walton-on-Thames; that no coupon is needed, only the 6d. for each card, which is sent to the Duchess of Northumberland's Benevolent and Comforts Fund for the Auxiliary Territorial Service, for which the paper is out to raise one million sixpences.

There are bronze medal brooches and illuminated parchment scrolls to be won, the latter signed by the Duchess of Northumberland, Lady Ironside, the Secretary of State for the Dominions and the Secretary of State for the Colonies. The best part of it all is the surprise. Fresh conditions are laid down each month by famous golfers, and kept in sealed envelopes until the 10th of each month. The date of taking out the card is immaterial, the month runs from 10th to 10th when it must reach the paper. So it need not be a brilliant card that wins.

SPACE seems full, and I have hardly taken that affecting and affectionate temporary farewell of TATLER AND BYSTANDER readers which they might expect. So much the better. After umpteen years with the firm I might grow nostalgic, even sentimental. All that need be said is that, though my Press ear need no longer flap for news of golfers, my private one will be just as wide open. And it is not good-bye, only *au revoir*. *Au revoir, à bientôt.* Happy landings and good luck.

The Golf Coupon from any one issue of THE TATLER AND BYSTANDER during the current month must accompany any entry for THE TATLER AND BYSTANDER Monthly Spoon Competition. The Hon. Secretary of the Club must sign the card and certify the scratch score of the course. Cards to be addressed to the Golf Editor of THE TATLER AND BYSTANDER, Commonwealth House, 1 New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1. to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

THE "TATLER AND BYSTANDER" GOLF COUPON. OCTOBER

Name {Mrs. _____
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Address _____



Women
are winning
the War
— of Freedom

Young ladies, in great grandmother's day did *not* wear uniforms, dungarees and slacks. They could afford to have 'off days' when domestic duties and polite pastimes were laid aside. Women today can't. The march of freedom has brought them bigger tasks—and better ways to overcome natural disabilities. Tampax—sanitary protection worn internally—solves the personal problem of women who lead the new and strenuous life of wartime.

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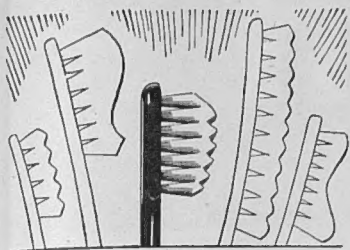
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What size is a toothbrush?

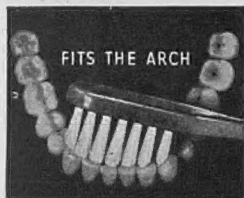
THERE used to be an idea that any size would do. TEK changed all that. The makers knew that there must be *one* perfect size that would reach even those tooth surfaces a dentist can only see with a mirror. These are the danger surfaces, where decay most easily starts.

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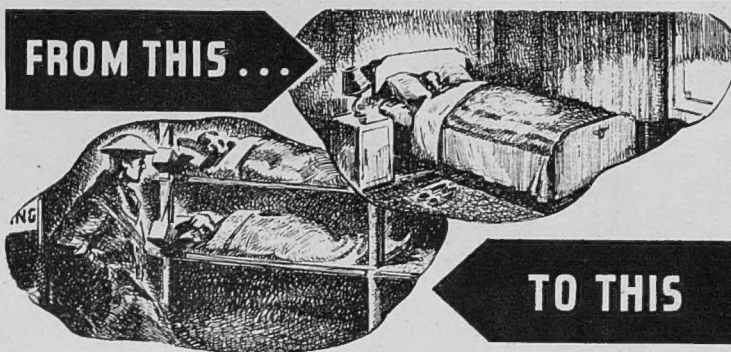
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